

L I T E R A R Y *Cavalcade*

A MONTHLY FOR ENGLISH CLASSES PUBLISHED BY SCHOLASTIC MAGAZINES



Charcoal Portrait by La Verne Hasse, Vocational High School, Minneapolis, Minn.

May 1950 • Vol. 2 • No. 8 • SCHOLASTIC AWARDS ISSUE

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OUR FRONT COVER



The sensitive charcoal
portrait on our cover is
the work of LaVerne
Hesse, of Vocational
High School, Minneap-
olis, Minn. It was first
shown at The Dayton
Co., where it was given
regional honors. It re-
ceived an honorable
mention in Charcoal,
Group III (Weber Cos-
tello Co., sponsor), from the national judges. La-
Verne, who is 18, is determined to be an artist
some day and is working her way through
high school. She has been drawing since she
was a little girl.

LaVerne is fond of dancing, basketball, foot-
ball, and bowling, with bowling first on her
list of sports. She plans to go to art school
after she has been graduated from Vocational
High, but doesn't know which school it will be.
She will have to work her way through art
school, too, and this means she has to land a
job first.

The model for LaVerne's drawing is a class-
mate and the drawing was done as a class
assignment. Her teachers are Mrs. Katherine
Johnson and Mrs. Blanche Baughman, to whom
she is indebted for encouraging her talent.



LITERARY Cavalcade

VOLUME 2 • NUMBER 8 • MAY, 1950

SCHOLASTIC AWARDS ACHIEVEMENT ISSUE

Scholastic Presents, by M. R. Robinson	1
New Snow, by Janice L. Willey	2
Short Short Story—Third Award, \$15: The vain wild hope began all over again, but was it wrong to try for the impossible?	
Puck's Song, by Virginia Ridley	3
Essay—First Award, \$50 (L. E. Waterman Co., sponsor): A jaunt through Old England with a delightful companion for company.	
Puppy Love, by George Doty	6
Essay—Second Award, \$25 (L. E. Waterman Co., sponsor): A mem- orable personal essay on an experience few of us have missed.	
Waiting for April, by James M. Reinertson	8
Short Story—First Award, \$50 (L. E. Waterman Co., sponsor): She felt cold and desperate; the scared feeling refused to go away.	
Poetry, by Barbara Holland, Laurence Jacobs, Jimi Schock, Ingrid Ann Esterson, Mary Anne Binns	11
Poems from the work of the First (\$50), Second (\$25), Third (\$15) and Fourth (\$5) Awards winners (L. E. Waterman Co., sponsor).	
Magic, by Caryl Helen Amshel	15
Essay—Third Award, \$15 (L. E. Waterman Co., sponsor): All the world around you is full of magic; you need only look to find it.	
Art Awards Winners	16
Reproductions of winning entries in various Art classifications.	
Of Sand and Stars, by Richard Justa	20
Original Radio Drama—First Award, \$25 (Audio Devices, Inc., sponsor): A fantasy script you will not forget for a long time.	
Humor, by Mac Lacy, Beverly Beman, Adele Huebner, Pat Dowd, Judy Fisher	26
Humor that the judges liked best from the work of the First (\$25), Second (\$15), Third (\$10), and Fourth (\$5) Humor Award winners.	
The Crab, by William G. Crary	28
Short Short Story—Fourth Award, \$5: Antonio had nothing and he wanted nothing and he was happy, until the day he felt ashamed.	
Demi-Paradise, by Ursula Griessemer	29
Short Short Story—First Award, Royal Portable Typewriter: How could he explain the color of a breeze; how explain color at all?	
I Wanted Wings, by Jean Elizabeth Jennings	30
Autobiography—First Award, \$25: Strap on your parachute, climb in, and tighten your safety belt for a flight in a jet plane.	
Twinkle, by Faith Warren	32
Autobiography—Third Award, \$10: The little filly won everybody's heart, but by some quirk of nature she would be seized by terror.	
Scholastic Writing Awards Judges	Inside Back Cover
Awards Sidelights	Back Cover



Scholarship Jury (Left to Right): Dr. Harold R. Rice, Moore Institute of Art, Science & Industry, Philadelphia, Pa.; Dr. Royal Bailey Farnum, Hampton, Conn.; Elsie Brown Barnes, Parsons School of Design, N. Y. C.

Scholastic Presents . . .



Pictorial Art Jury (L. to R.): Charles P. Parkhurst, Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio; Edward Laning, Kansas City Art Inst. & School of Design, Kansas City, Mo.; Lamar Dodd, University of Georgia, Athens, Ga.; Samuel Rosenberg, Carnegie Tech., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Frank N. Wilcox, Cleveland Inst. of Design.

Each spring, for more than a quarter of a century, we of Scholastic have looked forward with fresh enthusiasm to the Scholastic Awards. It is only a rare challenge that inspires a group of people year after year, but the Awards is more than a challenge. It is also a trust, one we approach with humility.

In this issue of *Literary Calcade* we present some of the Awards-winning work of 1950. We present it with considerable pride. In decades to come some of the names in this issue will be stamped on the bindings of books and printed in the catalogues of art museums. Here they receive national recognition for the first time. In the May 24 issues of the other Scholastic magazines will be found additional Awards-winning work, together with lists of the winners.

Our warm congratulations to you who have won honors, and to your teachers, too, we extend congratulations. Our appreciation and thanks go to those who help make the Scholastic Awards possible through their generous efforts—the distinguished judges, the educators, the national sponsors, and the co-sponsoring department stores and newspapers.

To you who failed to gain the coveted honors, we also offer our felicitations. Frequently the slim margin that separated you from those who won was a single hard-fought—and heartbreaking—point.

MAURICE R. ROBINSON, *President and Publisher*



Cartooning Jury (Left to Right): Cy Hungerford, staff cartoonist of the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*; William Longyear, Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, New York; Albert Dorne, New York City.



General Design Jury (L. to R.): Helen Tapp, Margaret Morrison Carnegie College, Pittsburgh; Lois Ullman, American Silk Mills, N. Y. C.; Paula Arnheim, New York Girl Coat Co. & Yorke Mode, Inc., N. Y. C.; Elsa Ulbricht, State Teachers Coll., Milwaukee, Wisc.

New Snow

SNOW was deceptive. When it looked like cotton or marshmallows or popcorn, it shouldn't weigh so much. Her arms ached from lifting the heavy shovel, and the scrape of the metal against the cement vibrated into her wrists.

The yard was a smooth piece of cardboard with torn edges where the snow was piled along the sides of the walk. As the shovel hit the hole in the end of the pavement, she let the handle drop down with a sigh of relief.

A gust of wind blew across her face, stinging her cheeks. The slanting flakes drew her down the street farther and farther from the unshoveled driveway. One tiny, fairy flake danced invitingly ahead, and she followed it until it fell into oblivion with the countless others, alike and at the same time so very different.

A street light at the corner cast a golden pool on the glistening ground. She walked toward the tawny circle and stood in its center. I'm taking a shower in the light, she thought. The sky was black, night black with stars of snowflakes circling overhead. She reached out and caught a star on the tip of her tongue.

"Hello."

He was tall; so tall, she had to lift her chin to look into his face. A lock of damp hair trailed down his forehead. His feet were spread wide apart, and he had thrust his fists into the pockets of his windbreaker so they made nobby bulges against the cloth.

"Going my way?"

"Just out walking around; I like the snow."

"So do I."

They walked to the next corner, scuffling up swirls of snow. She pulled the scarf from her head. Diamonds settled in her brown hair, sparkling there and in her eyes.

Strange it was no longer cold and bitter. The snow was like white petals drifting off the apple tree. Everything

was so beautiful she could feel the tears inside.

"It's been a long time, hasn't it?"

The tears inside from the beauty of the night began to swell and beat against the remembered anguish. How trivial words were. The hurt of months could be lumped into a trifling—"it's been a long time."

In the time of bitterness it had been years, but in reality since summer wasn't very long. First there was swimming together, and then walking home from school through crunchy fall leaves. Getting late snacks from the kitchen seemed vivid still. And then it ended in a crash. The dress she wore that night was still hanging in her closet. She hadn't worn it since.

Ready an hour early, there was the excruciating wait, while all her self-confidence slowly ebbed away. And then he came. When they arrived at the dance and his friends waved across the floor at her, she knew she was his "girl" and became alive again.

It was a wonderful evening. It didn't matter when he spent a long time talking to the attractive girl in the corner. She didn't know her name then. Would she ever forget Sharon now?

When he came back, he had acted peculiar and stiff. After that, with no

explanation, he and Sharon were going together. She shook her head to rid it of the nagging memories.

Unconcernedly she answered, yet not trusting herself to look at him. "Yes, I suppose it has, but I hear you've been busy. You made the basketball squad, didn't you? By the way, how's Sharon?"

How many hours had she spent studying Sharon, trying to discover her secret. Surely she had to have some secret to make him change so suddenly.

He didn't glance at her either, but seemed to concentrate on putting his feet in the tracks of a previous walker. The magic night had disappeared, and in its place was dejection.

Finally he said, "I guess Sharon is okay; we broke up a few weeks ago."

The inner tears changed into warm fluid honey that filled her empty body. But the comfortable sensation began to change. Oh, no—no. That vain, wild hope that at first was her existence and had slowly died away, was beginning all over again. It started in your heart, making it beat faster until your whole being pulsed to your finger tips.

They were coming near her house. She could see the shovel, now only a mound in the driveway. The walk was again covered with a soft blanket of white.

She began to slow her steps, not wanting the interlude to end, yet still knowing it was the end—the end of a life of waiting for the impossible. But what was wrong with trying for the impossible?

"Won't you come in? We could make some cocoa or something." She hoped the prayer on her lips wasn't showing in her eyes. She mustn't sound pleading. He drew his initial in the snow with his toe. "Well, gee, I'd like to an awful lot, but I've still some physics to do."

He started to go, hesitated and turned back.

"That's all right," she said, "I have an English theme I haven't finished." Needles were probing the backs of her eyes, trying to make her cry in front of him, but she smiled. Why does this have to happen all over again; worse, why did I let him know I still cared.

"Well, thanks anyway. I'll see you around."

"Sure—bye."

She dragged her leaden feet to the door, turned and looked at his retreating back. She noticed her tracks in the new snow; one lonely set of footprints.



THIRD AWARD SHORT STORY

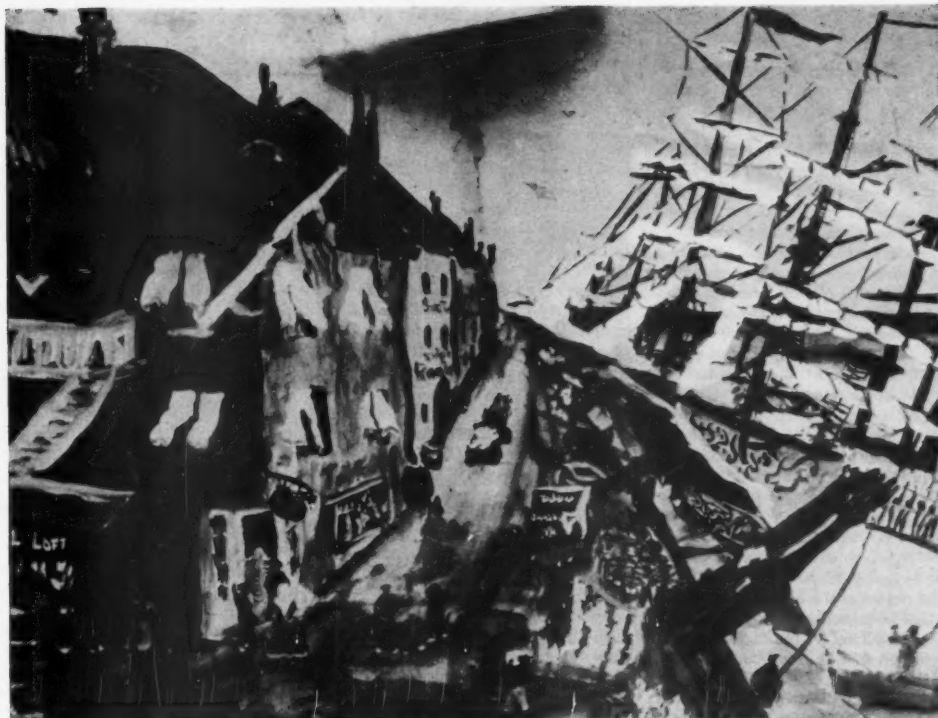
By Janice L. Willey, 17

Lyons Township High School

La Grange, Illinois

Teacher, Miss Norma J. Jordan

Black Drawing Ink, Gr. II, by Madelin Holder, Arlington H. S., Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Place in Show. First shown at Luckey, Platt & Co., Poughkeepsie.



First Award, \$50, Gr. II, Transp. Water Color, by James Coulsby, Washington Lee H. S., Arlington, Va. (American Crayon Co., sponsor). First shown at Jelleff's Regional.

Puck's Song

*"Trackway and Camp and City lost,
Salt Marsh where now is corn;
Old Wars, old Peace, old Arts that cease,
And so was England born."*

Rudyard Kipling

This modern age has produced the atom bomb, the jet plane, great factories and great machines. They are mute but impressive proof of man's skill and ingenuity. Because of these "great" developments and man's ability to use them in war, many of the oldest, most beautiful, and most historic places in the world have been destroyed. One quarter of the great city of London, the heart of an empire, now lies in a pile of rubble. But through the clang of rivet hammers

and the noise of rebuilding there comes the sound of an old lilting song, a song which tells of an older England that cannot be wiped out by bombs. It sings of lost traditions and peoples, of old places that have never seen the glare of neon signs, nor heard the whine of jazz music. It is a lovely song, singing down the ages, and it can lead you back into the past if you can follow. It is the song of Puck, that wizened elf who is so much a part of old England, who is, perhaps, the very personification of England itself. Let his song lead you back into history, as it has led me.

If you were an ordinary traveler to England, you would, probably, on leaving your boat at Southampton, board a small train and travel into the ruins and smoke and grime of London. But if you would follow Puck's song you must turn the other way, for the singing leads into the old dimness of the New Forest. This place belies its name, for it is one of the oldest parts of England. It was set aside as a special hunting ground by William the Conqueror. There, today, you might

hear in the distance the ghostly winding of a Norman hunting horn, and the crash of boughs as the huntsmen pass by.

If you look carefully you may see "the ferny ride that steals into the oak-woods far . . ." that twists among the oaks and beeches and leads far into the shadows of the forest. I have wandered there at twilight after a rain, and the forest was mysterious and dim, but not frightening. The green shadows beneath the beech trees were friendly, and the hanging green moss dripped gently from gnarled boughs. Marshes stretched mistily beneath the trees, and herds of small, wild ponies started and fled at the approach of a stranger. The track lost itself among the marshes and I wandered at will; but I could not get lost, for friendly spirits seemed to follow and guide me home.

The forest was lonely, in the sense that there were no humans near, but "shadows of the dappled deer" faded and melted as I passed and—was it imagination, or did I really see a small brown-clad figure beneath an oak as gnarled as himself? That was Puck, whose blue

FIRST AWARD ESSAY

By Virginia Ridley, 15

Laurel School
Shaker Heights, Ohio
Teacher, Miss Martha Wyant
Won regional award sponsored
by Cleveland News

eyes twinkled with mischief, whose crab-apple face was wrinkled from smiling, and whose cackling laughter was like the blowing of wind in the oak leaves. His was a wisdom older than time, older than wars, as old as the forest in which he lives. His figure disappeared; indeed, it may never have been there, but who can say what is real and what is fancy?

The song leads you on, into the town of Beaulieu, well named by the Normans "beautiful place." Beside a small, still lake there stands an ancient abbey, given by King John to the Cistercian monks, the white friars. Its lost power is gone forever now, and it is deserted and all but forgotten. Within, the massive oak beams are rotting, the altar forsaken, and beams of sunlight slanting through the high windows make the dust motes dance.

Though the abbey has long been deserted, its calm and lovely atmosphere remains. We were told a story there, in the village inn, of an American GI and what he saw at the abbey. It is said that he did not know the history of the place, but that he passed a white-robed figure, a monk, walking by the lake. It was so real to him that he inquired of a friend whom it was he had met. To the other man the lake and abbey were deserted.

The song calls now to another part of old England, the Cotswolds, the land of rolling green hills and little fields separated by neat hedges. These hills have seen the gathering of the Cavalier army during the Civil War, and the cobbled streets of the villages have resounded with the glorious charge of Rupert's cavalry, and the stolid tramp of Cromwell's army.

Near one of the many tiny hamlets in

the Cotswolds there stands a manor house, so old it seems to be a part of the land itself. It, too, is now deserted.

Before the time of Henry VIII it belonged to the monks, whose neat garden now is full of weeds, and whose carp pond is muddy that once was clear. The dove cote, the oldest in England, still stands, and pigeons still whirr about it, but the tiles are falling from its roof. It was here that the monks, who apparently did not believe in "poverty," kept the poor birds destined to become the dinner of a corpulent friar. Carp destined for the same end as the pigeons swam all unknowing in the large pond in the garden. A grey, stone-flagged walk leads down to this pond, and in the old days all the violets, mauves, and purples of four hundred varieties of iris were reflected in the still water.

In spring, aconites and snowdrops and crocuses push up in the grass before the door and star the lawns with color. The chestnut tree in the courtyard bursts into juicy buds, and warm winds blow across the fields.

History breathes in the very air of such places as our manor, and although they may be forsaken now, they remain stately and dignified and proud, dreaming of a past that is forgotten but not dead.

Puck has led here, and he can lead farther into the Cotswolds, but Puck would be unknown to many, perhaps, but for his intrusion into great literature under the pen of the great playwright of Stratford. Through the town of Stratford the river Avon slips quietly, and lime trees on the bank lean over and drop their petals into the quiet stream. The stone benches overlooking the river have

been worn smooth by centuries of lovers, among them perhaps, Anne Hathaway and William Shakespeare.

I should remember the well-known birthplace, a small half-timbered cottage, more clearly than I do. I should be able to describe the oak-paneled rooms, the windows with small leaded panes on which the names of great visitors there have been scratched with a diamond. I should remember the First Folio that was on display. But I remember the sunny garden best, with its quiet flowers, its old grey bird-bath, and its stone seat that the writer must have used and loved.

If flowers have ghosts, perhaps they awaken at night in that garden and see again a lone figure pacing the walk, counting their names over again. "Rosemary—that's for remembrance," "pansies—that's for thoughts."

England is such a garden land that it is not strange, as we follow the elusive magic of the song, to see another solitary figure walking among flowers. This time they are Oxford flowers in Oxford fields. For on Boar's Hill, above the town, the scholar-gypsy of Matthew Arnold's poem still wanders. In the poem, he forsook college halls to join a gypsy tribe, and it is told that country folk have met him and he has "given them store

Of flowers—the frail-leaf'd, white anemone,

Dark bluebells drench'd with dews of summer eves,

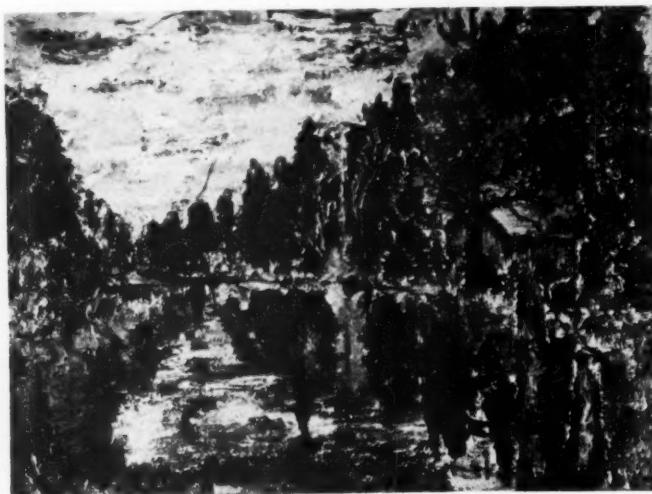
And purple orchises with spotted leaves."

He, too, is a part of the countryside, a living legend, a lone wanderer seen "crossing the stripling Thames at Bablock-hythe."

Boar's Hill received its name, it is said, when a scholar was attacked there by a wild boar, and succeeded in saving himself only by ramming his copy of Aristotle down the brute's throat. This, figuratively, of course, seems to be what harassed Oxford tutors have been doing to their pupils ever since!

The hill is beautiful in spring and summer, when trees are in bud, and bluebells lie like a lost sea in the woods, and birds call in the sunlight.

In the beauty of the hill's atmosphere, two poet-laureates have lived and dreamed. One was Masfield, whose collection of hand-whittled ships sailed in splendor across the top of his bookcase. The other was Bridges, a white-bearded, bushy-haired old man, whose eyes made him resemble a caged lion.



Strathmore Regional Award, \$25, Gr. II, Oils, by John Sullivan, Central H. S., Jackson, Miss. First shown Kennington.



Hon. Men., \$10, Gr. II, Oils, by Thomas Strobel, New Trier H. S., Winnetka, Ill. (F. Weber Co., sponsor). First shown at Wieboldt's, Evanston, Ill.

He disliked children and they, in turn, seemed to follow the advice of a former poet-laureate, who said,

"By many bridges I hurry by."

There is a lovely, breath-taking view down upon Oxford itself from the hill. An early riser can see "that sweet city with its dreaming spires" in the blue mist of morning, with the sun warming the old grey stones of Magdalen Tower and the colleges.

So the song leads on down the road, past Woodstock and Hinksey into the town, for this is no truly modern city with roaring traffic and noisy factories, but a place where there still remains some of the atmosphere of history. In fact, it clings to tradition so much that the entering student is still given the University rules in Latin, which seems to make them impossible to learn. They contain two clauses which rule against playing marbles on the college steps.

and rolling hoops down the High!"

Even in the city itself the past intrudes upon the present, and its tales are not always pleasant ones.

On one of the narrow streets of Oxford stands a dark, dreary old house, 100 Holywell Street. Guests who have stayed there say that there is something horrible in the atmosphere that they could not define. While staying in that house they had felt depressed, moody, and miserable. These stories were not the result of over-wrought nerves. There is an overwhelming atmosphere of brooding there, for, as a learned historian told us, that house stands upon the site of a burial ground for victims of the plague.

Puck's song can lead a traveler all through old England, but if he would cross the border he must travel alone, unless he feels that a darker guide follows him. The very mists themselves

seem like the last, lingering spells of Merlin.

To show contrast, let us leave Puck for a time, and travel north to one of the oldest castles in the British Isles, which stands guard on the lonely coast of Skye. It is Castle Dunvegan, the ancestral home of Clan McLeod. It looks just as you would imagine a castle with such a history to look. It is gaunt and bleak, with tendrils of mist clinging about its turrets, and a warring sea battering at the sea-gates, where once the prow of Viking ships battered long ago. The wind in the black sea pines mourns the passing of the McLeods, and here "the only song is the sea's sad song, bitter, alone, And weeping."

The atmosphere at this castle is dark and brooding and terrifying. It is different from England, where the past is friendly, and is presided over by the laughing spirit of Puck.

In all these old places, in the oak forest, the old manor, the small Cotswold town, on the hill above Oxford, and in the city of learning itself, and even in the dark castle on Skye, there breathes the spirit of the past, of an old England that will never die, though war and hunger and hardship ravage the island. There will always be Puck's song calling to those who can hear, calling back to history and lost traditions. The England of today has been built upon the England of yesterday, upon Puck's England. Surely, in the words of Kipling,

"She is not any common Earth,
Water or wood or air,
But Merlin's Isle of Gromarye,
Where you and I will fare."

1ST AWARD ESSAY

Virginia Ridley was born in England and lived there several years, but most of her life has been spent in this country. During four of her years in England she lived in Oxford, and one year was spent in a small Cotswold village, with summers in Scotland. She came to the United States during the dark days of the war after the British defeat at Dunkirk and says she is happy to be living here now. She has always loved to write, but is also fond of tennis, and is a rabid rooster for the Cleveland Indians.



2ND AWARD ESSAY

George Doty says his life, as a whole, has been considerably happier than his essay would indicate. He doesn't feel qualified to give anyone expert advice on the problems the essay discusses. However, he feels other aspiring writers might like to know that he wasn't trying to be literary when he wrote the essay; it is only a sincere expression of a personal experience. George gets a great deal of satisfaction from writing, and also enjoys art, music, and science as hobbies. He also edits his school paper, *The Rocket*.



3RD AWARD ESSAY

Caryl Helen Amshel's major interests are music and writing. Last year Caryl was one of the winners of the Pittsburgh Concert Society Contest and also won a scholarship from the Musician's Club of Pittsburgh. She has written a number of musical compositions, including one titled "The Pittsburgh Suite." She also loves to write music and lyrics for popular songs and her secret ambition is to produce a musical. Modern dance, dramatics, tennis, and swimming are among her other interests. She also enjoys bridge.



THE emotional problems of an adolescent are as serious to him as those of his elders are to them. One of the tragedies of my life was my love for a girl who was infatuated with another boy. Adults may find amusement in the problems of their juniors and belittle them, but I doubt whether I shall ever suffer emotional disturbances more deep than the ones I suffered because of my youthful love.

I cannot remember just when it was that I first saw her, but I believe it was in the late fall of 1946. We had been attending the same school for years, but she was in the next lower grade and this was the first time that I had noticed her. She was sitting in the study hall one noon, where I was to see her again many other noons. For obvious reasons, I cannot give any description of her, except to say that she was the most beautiful girl I had ever seen. She still holds that distinction in my mind today, even though my affection for her has passed.

"Say, who was that cute dish I saw you with in the study hall yesterday?" I was trying to be funny.

The Other Boy grinned. "Oh, you like her, huh, Georgie?"

A few days later I noticed her in the cafeteria and asked a friend who she was. He told me. I smiled at my pudding in an unnatural way.

Here my mental images blur. I vaguely remember meeting her and making silly remarks. She smiled at me nicely, as she does at everyone.

For several months I tried to get her attention. Throughout that time, and for some time afterwards, she and her boy friend used the study hall as a noontime trysting place. Where they went at other times I do not know. I sat near them as often as I could. They would toy with each other's sweat-cuffs, and doodle on each other's notebooks. I did most of the talking.

In the spring of 1947 it happened. There were many other people in the study hall, but she was oblivious of them—and me. This time she brushed her fingers through his hair.

"I love you," she murmured. But I didn't hear it . . . then.

"Did you say something?" I asked. "What?"

"I thought I heard you say something."

"Oh . . . no. I didn't say anything."

I went to algebra class with my head

Puppy Love

swimming. She had told me that she had said nothing, yet I had heard . . . I didn't know what. That evening, though, I thought about it. Fortunately, my parents were out of the house. I was walking through the living room when the sounds combined into words in my mind. I had heard it that noon but my conscious mind had refused to believe it; my ears had heard, but I had not.

"I love you!"

I threw myself onto the piano bench, gasping for breath. Then I burst into sobs of remorse and anger, for then and only then had I realized that I loved her and she loved him.

After that I rarely sat with them. Instead, I would sit at a table in the library in a seat which faced the study hall. Each noon I would watch them, looking at them over my text book. Some noons she sat ahead of him, some noons, behind. The noons that she sat ahead of him, I could always see her face, because she kept turned in her seat toward him.

The emotional strain which those noons in the study hall had on me began to have physical effects. In my fifth period algebra class my hands and forearms would often begin to shake violently, so that I could not hold a pencil. The harder I would attempt to hold the pencil, the more my arm would shake. These spells occurred more and more frequently, especially at lunch time and in the afternoon. I was sometimes embarrassed by having the milk spill out of the glass I was holding, or by having a bit of food fly off the end of my fork.

The summer of 1947 I spent thinking about her. Sitting alone in the hay-loft of our barn, I would construct elaborate daydreams in which she was in distress and I came to her aid.

Late that summer, we went to school to get our schedules. I knew that I would meet the Other Boy there, but

not her, since her class went at another time. He was in the same grade that I was.

We met at the southeast door of the high school. I was walking toward the door, up the steps, and there he stood. He grinned at me. I amused him. I still do.

As soon as I saw him grinning at me, my left leg began to shake so violently that I had to lean against the cement-work for support. Then my right leg began to shake, too. My feet remained in place on the step, but my trousers were blurred by the motion of my knees. We exchanged the usual pleasantries.

"How'ya doin', Georgie?"

"I'm doin' just fine, thanks."

"That's good."

I don't know whether he noticed my legs or not; I rather think that he did.

In the second year my love for her deepened. It wasn't true love, I suppose, but just infatuation for her face and figure and voice. But she did have a fine personality, too. She enjoyed living. I didn't.

My love for her began to manifest itself in certain extreme but harmless acts. One of these I did only once . . . or twice. After school, when the halls were empty, I went to her locker, bent down, and brushed my cheek against the handle which she daily touched. It seems absurd now, but it gave me pleasure then.

Strangely enough, I have had only three dreams in which I have seen her. The first came early in the second year of my love. I dreamed that I was walking with her in the west hallway on the third floor of the junior high school. She was chattering away, and I said, "Oh, shut up," but I smiled when I said it. Just to show that there were no hard feelings, I bent down and kissed her. Out of the corner of my eye I saw that a teacher had seen us.

Several months later, I dreamed something more true-to-life. I was at a large party, standing in a long line of formally-dressed boys who, for some inexplicable reason, were passing by a group of likewise formally-attired girls, of which she was the prominent member. As we walked by, slowly, she smiled and gave a greeting to each one of us, except to me. When I was in front of her, she did not smile; nor did she seem to see me. She seemed to look right through my body. It was as though I had been invisible.

The third was a recent dream. She was standing at the curb of the southeast corner of the high-school block. There were many other people there, too. I walked up behind her, put my arms around her, and buried my face in her hair.

SECOND AWARD ESSAY

By George Doty, 17

Rochester Senior High School

Rochester, Minn.

Teacher, Miss Gossman

There was a little pleasure to season the pain of those days. Once, for example, I had heard that her picture was in the window of one of our downtown studios. The next Saturday I made a special trip to town just to see it. It gave me great satisfaction. Another time I was riding on a bus when she got on it, came back, and sat near me . . . but not beside me. I made a practice of riding that bus again as often as I could, but I never saw her again. One noon at school, she actually let me walk with her, from the basement to the third floor. We talked about irrelevant things, the same as we had on the bus. I had a bad let-down after that noon, because I had hoped that she was becoming interested in me. She wasn't.

Every morning at school I could get a glimpse of her at her locker before the first class began. Then I would look to see what she was wearing, and the rest of the day I would constantly search the people milling about me for that sweater, that dress, so that if I saw them I could look and see that face. Whenever I went to a movie, or out to dinner, or anywhere, I would look for her. I had daydreams in which we just happened to sit beside each other at a movie, or in which we just

happened to sit near each other at a restaurant. Twice my watchfulness was rewarded; once, when I looked through the shelves in the library and saw her standing on the other side, once when I was sitting in a theatre and she walked up the aisle beside me. But I shall never forget that terrible moment in a Minneapolis store when I accidentally saw her name with mine. They were on the corner of a paper napkin in a sample case, printed in gold letters: *George and ——— 15th Anniversary.*

My relations with the Other Boy during this period became very much strained. He regarded me as an inferior and a misfit. I came to hate him, and I hated myself for hating him, since it was not his fault that she had fallen in love with him. I had some new daydreams then . . . daydreams in which he showed himself up as a coward and a scoundrel, and in which I got into violent fights with him. Our relationship has changed considerably since; we are not friends, but I do not hate him and there is no malice. He is not so contemptuous of me now, either—now that she has left him for an older boy.

Last year I decided to take action. For two months I lay in a hospital bed after a serious accident, hoping that she would come to see me. She didn't. Why should she have? I had no more attraction for her than the Other Boy had for me, although she didn't hate

me. She didn't know me. But in the springtime I asked her for a date—and she refused. At the Senior Prom, I asked her for a dance—and she refused. That night was the last night that I ever cried myself to sleep because of her.

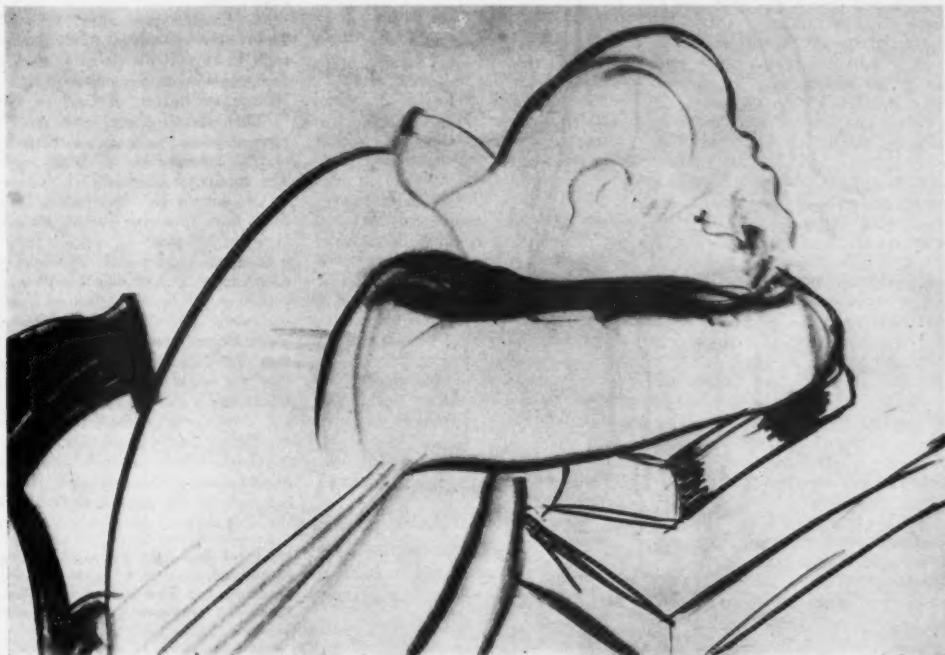
For several months I have not loved her. Within the last week, I asked her for a date, again, but there was a new Other Boy. I felt no disappointment, just inner relief, for I knew I would never ask her again. She has no more appeal to me now than many other girls that I know. Another girl accepted, and I enjoyed the first date of my life. She wasn't beautiful, but she was pleasant—and intelligent.

It's all over now. I'm beginning a new social life and a happy one. As for the old . . . adults would laugh, call it puppy love. That's what it was. After all, puppy love can't be serious. I never contemplated suicide because of her. All I did was contemplate contemplating it. Now all we do is say "Hello" to each other every noon, as we pass, going in opposite directions.

I never will fall in love with a girl like her again. Next time it will be a woman.

I say that my love for her has died, but yet . . . sometime, after a dance, late at night, we might meet somewhere, each of us alone, and then I might . . . but I am daydreaming again.

Lead Pencil, Group II, by Ruth Perry, Corfu Central School, Corfu, N. Y. First shown at Sibley's, Rochester, New York.



Waiting for April



EMILY sat forward on the big green seat, looking out the train window at the passing landscape, blurred now by the rain into a sea of gray bleakness. She didn't mind it, though, because she wasn't really looking at it. The shock of her mother and father and the accident had not yet worn off, and the little girl who was alone among all the other people in the coach felt cold and desperate and resigned, all at the same time. A large man sat next to her, sound asleep. He had a sheet of newspaper over his face, and it fluttered a little every time he exhaled. Emily sat as far away from him as possible against the cold window. Somehow, as she pressed her nose up against the hard pane of glass, the confusion inside her seemed to drain into it slightly. The beating of the wheels on the rails was pleasantly monotonous, and the speeding ground beneath the train window made her comfortably dizzy.

After a long, long time the conductor came in through the door at the end of the car and paused a moment before he spoke, while expectant faces turned toward him.

"Rochester, ten minutes!" he bawled. The conductor walked slowly down the aisle, looking at the ticket at each seat that told where each passenger got off. He stopped in front of Emily.

"Rochester's where you get off, honey," he said to her in a fatherly tone.

"Thank you; I know," Emily replied. The conductor laughed.

"Oh, you do, eh?" he chuckled. "Well, that's fine. You look like my little girl. How old are you?"

"I'm eight-and-a-half," she said. She didn't want to look like his little girl.

"Oh, well," he said, starting to move on, "she's only six." Emily almost felt like sticking out her tongue at him, but she didn't. Imagine anyone thinking that she might be only six years old! When the train began to jerk in slowing down, she picked up her little traveling case, put on her coat, and stood up. When the train stopped she managed somehow to squirm between the back of the seat in front and the

Black Ink Drawings by Janet Compere, Port Washington (N. Y.) Sr. H. S. In Show. Also received First Award, \$50, Gr. II, Black Ink (Higgins Ink Co., sponsor).

bulky legs of the man who still slept next to her. In a few moments she was on the platform, looking around her, with the scared feeling returning. There were people everywhere milling about. No one seemed the least bit interested in her.

Then a man in a dark uniform suddenly materialized out of the gloom. "You're Miss Herrold?" he asked in a starchy voice.

"Yes, sir," she said, slightly awed by the man's appearance.

"Come with me, please." He led her through the crowd to where a big black automobile was waiting. He was silent during the trip through the city, and she was thankful for that. She didn't want to talk to anyone. They drove through a large residential district, and then finally turned in at an open gate and glided up a drive to an old, dark house that was too high for its width. He stopped the car under a *portecochere* and took her bag through the front door into a hall.

"Your aunt is waiting for you in there," he said, motioning toward a room that was to their right. He started up a long staircase with her suitcase, so Emily advanced timidly into the room, feeling a bit deserted. The only light came from an old lamp on the center table and the fire in the wide fireplace. Weird shadows sulked in the corners of the room, and it was several moments before Emily saw the old lady sitting in a huge wing chair that nearly overwhelmed her. She wore a dark, high-necked dress and had two rings with gleaming stones on her fingers.

"Come here," she said, as Emily hesitated at the door. "Let me see you." Emily stood before her, feeling the black eyes sweeping over her.

"Awfully young, aren't you?" observed the old lady. Emily wanted to say, "Yes, and you're awfully old, too." But she didn't. She held her tongue.

Her great-aunt sighed.

"Well, I suppose you're going to be a great deal of trouble, but we'll learn to get along." She rang a bell on the table by her chair. The man came in a few moments.

"Take Emily to her room, Robert. Dinner will be at six sharp," she said to Emily. Her great-aunt was still sitting motionless in the chair when Emily followed Robert up the stairs. They turned into a room that would have been cold if there had not been a fire blazing in the fireplace. As it was, there was a chilled feeling in the air that the cheerless flames could not reach. When Robert had disappeared into the hall, Emily took off her coat and hat and managed to hang them high up inside the closet. She sat on the bed

and looked at the fire and the room. The walls were papered with some flowery material, but the original rose color had faded to an ugly shade of pink. The woodwork was dark and unfeeling. She went into her bathroom and washed her face and hands. The warm water was welcome on her cold-tightened skin.

When she had finished washing, she went back into her bedroom and lay down on the bed with her shoes off until the carved-wood clock on the chiffoniere told her it was time for dinner. She got her shoes back on and opened the heavy door. The hallway was dark. She looked up and down its length. There was no sign of life. She ran to the head of the stairs and scurried down them with a shuddering in the vulnerable spot between her shoulder blades, feeling as if the darkness were chasing her. She opened the first door she came to when she was in the hall below. Inside was complete darkness. The panic in her was filling her throat. She slammed the door shut and fumbled with the knob on the next one. This time she was more fortunate. Her great-aunt was just sitting down at the head of a massive dinner table inside the room. Emily stopped and let her breathing slow down, then she went in. The hand in her stomach began to loosen its grip.

"You may sit here," her aunt told her, gesturing to a chair at her right. Emily sat down and bowed her head while her aunt prayed, and then she tucked her napkin into her collar. It spilled down nearly to the hem of her dress.

"I—I want to tell you 'thank you' for letting me live with you, Aunt Christina," Emily said, just as Doctor Barnes had told her to do before she left home.

Her great-aunt did not take her eyes from the silverware that lay before her.

Dinner consisted of a stew made of lamb and vegetables. Emily had never eaten anything like it, and the fact that it was unfamiliar made it distasteful to her. She ate all of it, however, because it was hot and because she knew her aunt might not like it if she didn't.

She thought Aunt Christina might want to talk with her after dinner, but when they had finished and were sitting in the parlor again, her aunt put on a pair of reading-glasses and picked

up a book. Emily found a picture-book on a low shelf and looked through it. She saw nothing but her own bitter loneliness.

Promptly at seven-thirty, as the clock in the hall chimed, her aunt looked up from her book.

"Bed-time," she announced. Emily looked at her in astonishment.

"But, no, it's not," she said. "Mother never made me go to bed until eight-thirty."

Her aunt sighed.

"Your mother was a fine woman, rest her soul. Unfortunately she didn't have the strength to stand up against you. While you're in my house, you'll do as I say."

"Yes, ma'am." Emily dragged out of the parlor and up the dark stairs into her room, her neck and ears burning from the rebuff. She undressed, taking care not to get any wrinkles in her dress when she folded it, then slipped on her nightgown from her bag and crawled between the sheets. Her bed was not hard, but it was not soft, either. It was rather indifferent, and went along with the rest of the house and its occupants.

When she finally was settled, with the light off and the fire reduced to a few dying coals, all the fear and loneliness that had been building within her during the day rose up in her throat and choked her. She sobbed into the musty-smelling covers until she had wearied herself, and finally sank into a heavy sleep.

She knew that it was late when she awoke the next morning. She dressed and went downstairs, afraid that her aunt would rebuke her. But when she opened the door to the dining room there was no one in sight. The cook gave her some oatmeal and bacon and milk. After breakfast Emily went back upstairs to brush her teeth. Then she walked through the big house, exploring its depths. It didn't seem quite so scary in the daytime, she thought. There was a huge room toward the rear of the first floor that looked as if it was never used. There was a grand piano and a sparkling chandelier, and the floor was richly carpeted. Dust lay on everything in a thick layer.

When she went back to the front of the house, Aunt Christina was sitting in the parlor.

"Good morning, Emily. Did you sleep well?" she inquired crisply.

"Yes, thank you."

"You slept until ten, Robert tells me. It's all right for this once, but, of course, after this you will rise with the rest of us. We don't have a great many rules in this household, but the ones we do have we follow. If you remember that, you will get along much better."

FIRST AWARD SHORT STORY

By James M. Reinertson, 17

Modesto High School

Modesto, Calif.

Teacher, Mr. Will C. Jumper



Emily murmured that she was sure she would, feeling that she had been scolded.

Lunch was a dismal affair, and the sun that had braved the clouds briefly during the morning gave up the battle and left the afternoon cloaked in grayness. Emily spent most of her time looking out the window at the road in front of the house and thinking.

Soon after lunch her great-aunt called Robert and they went away somewhere in the car. After a while Emily went back to the big room at the rear of the house. Somehow, it didn't seem quite so foreboding as the rest of the place. Light filtered in through the big windows along the side of the room and soaked into the rich furnishings. She sat down at the piano bench and tried to pick out a tune on the keys. She couldn't, though, and she soon gave it up in favor of looking through the many shelves of books. Some of them were old and worn, with real leather covers and lovely colored pictures inside. She spent a long time enjoying them all.

The door opened. Her great-aunt stood there, looking at her with what seemed to Emily to be hatred.

"What are you doing in here?" she demanded.

"Looking at books." Emily's lower lip trembled.

"Don't ever come in here again!" her aunt said grimly. "Stay out of here. I don't want anyone in here."

Emily looked at her for a moment, and then ran past her into the hall and up the stairs into her room. She flung herself on the bed and sobbed. After a few minutes she rose and got out her traveling case. She repacked all the things she had taken out of it the night before, and then snapped the lid shut. She couldn't bear to stay here any longer. It was a long time later that she heard her aunt calling up the stairs. "Emily! Where are you?"

Emily took hold of her bag and slid it quickly under the bed. Then she went to the door and opened it.

"Oh, there you are," her great-aunt said, out of breath from the climb up the staircase. "Come with me, dear; I want to show you something." Emily followed her down the stairs and back along the hall into the big forbidden room. She hung hesitatingly at the door until her aunt beckoned her in. She watched while the old lady went to a high shelf and took down a little leather chest. Aunt Christina opened the chest and took out a lovely doll, no more than eight inches high. It was carved of ivory, and the skin had been tinted to the exact pastel shade of real skin. It had beautiful eyes, made of colored glass, and was dressed in a gown of silk and velvet in a deep plum-color. It was perfect to the tiniest detail.

"My husband gave me two of these, years ago," Aunt Christina said. She nodded toward a painting on the wall. A man of fifty smiled down at them. "That's what he looked like," she said. "The dolls were exactly alike except for their clothes. I gave one to your mother when she was married."

Emily didn't say anything; she just stood and listened. Her aunt's voice was soft now as she looked up at the picture.

"They were made by a German more than a hundred years ago," she mused. She turned suddenly to Emily.

"Did you know that it was Christmas, Emily?"

Emily couldn't say anything. She had forgotten. Forgotten about Christmas. She couldn't believe it.

Aunt Christina put the doll in the box. It was exquisite, nestled there in the white satin. Then she held it out to Emily.

"For you, Emily. For Christmas."

Emily took the box in trembling hands.

"Thank you, Aunt Christina." She turned and went slowly out, cradling the little leather box like a new baby. Her great aunt watched her go, and then turned to look again at the painting on the wall. She brushed off some of the dust that clung to it.

"It's cold and dreary in here, John," she said to the picture. She walked slowly about the room, fingering the heavy drapes and running her hands along the rows of books. A humidifier and half a dozen pipes rested on the top of the piano. She touched them lovingly, and then walked out into the hall.

"Robert!" she called. "Robert!"

He came scurrying in from the kitchen.

"Have the big room cleaned, Robert," she said. "I think we'll have to start using it again now that our family is so large."

Emily, up in her room, laid the doll on her bed and looked at it for a long time. It was the most beautiful thing she had ever owned. Glancing out the window, she suddenly realized that it was snowing. Lovely, soft snow fluttering down, making a downy quilt over the ground. Somehow Emily knew that the next day would dawn bright with sunshine, and that the sun would make the new snow sparkle all day long.

She got her suitcase out from under the bed and flipped the catch. Then, very slowly, she started to unpack.



1ST AWARD STORY
James M. Reinertson's award proves that persistence pays. Last year he won an honorable mention for poetry. This year he takes awards in both short story and poetry. His hobbies, aside from creative writing, are art, photography, music, and

chemistry. This spring he did the editorial work on the high school yearbook. His favorite sport is track; he likes to run the sprints. After high school he has plans for enrolling in Stanford University. An English major seems to him the most probable course. No plans past that point.



2ND AWARD STORY
Selma Abelson has lived in Boston most of her life. She has a varied collection of hobbies. Chief among them are literature, ornithology, mythology, folk music, and psychology. She is associate editor of *The Item*, Dorchester High School for Girls' publication, and was recently selected for the honor of Class Poet. Last year she helped write and produce several school programs that were broadcast from a Boston station. She also finds time to write a weekly column for the *Dorchester Citizen*, her home town newspaper.



3RD AWARD STORY
Mary Evelyn Rogers was born in Spartanburg, S. C., but has lived in Columbia since she was three years old. Her chief interests are literature, dramatics, and writing. She has chosen journalism as a career, and has worked on the staff of *The Blue*

Print, the Droher High School paper, and *The Blue Devil*, the school yearbook. Her ambition is to be a magazine journalist and she has already made an auspicious beginning in that direction. She has had several of her contributions in the *South Carolina Literary Yearbook*.

the

Poetry

AWARDS

FIRST AWARD POETRY

Barbara Murray Holland, 16

Woodrow Wilson High School
Washington, D. C.
Teacher, Mrs. Lola Hutchins
Won Regional award sponsored by
The Washington (D. C.) Star

TO THOSE WHO ARE NOT QUITE GREAT

You may know by the thin relentless face
The almost-genius, accursed race
Whose hearts never come to a resting place,

Fire and bone and hollowed thin
As a reed, as a flute, by the flame within;
It has been fore-written, they shall not win,

But the heart that consumes the flesh and the mind
Still burns, when the shell has been left behind,
Following what it will never find.

GREECE

Did no one think to bury you
And leave your dust in peace,
Gold on the bones of Pericles,
O ghost of Greece?

Athens, Athens, cannot be here
To mourn you, flung so low,
Chained, at the courts of savages,
(Greece, was it long ago?)

This story should never be written;
Leave her an empty page,
Leave her the dust and sunlight
Across a deserted stage,
Leave her a long sweet silence
After the Golden Age.

CURSE

11

You may never leave me
While you are out of ground;
You may run half the world away
And yet be found.

I shall cling to your hands like cobwebs,
Cling to your thoughts at night,
Laugh at you out of your mirror
And color your mind like a blight.

This is my sign on your brow,
This is my curse on your head;
I shall walk in your shadow as long as you live
And the devil may have you dead.

SHELTER

I will open my door to the murderer
And the fox that flees from the hound;
Here shall hide all things hunted;
Here they will not be found.

There is bread and wine for the hunted ones
Who find the way to my door,
Guilty or innocent, man or beast,
As the shipwrecked come to the shore,

The table is laid for the lowest thief
Who taps at my window pane,
And my life will defend his hiding-place
Should they pick up the trail again.

Never through any word of mine
Shall the fugitive be betrayed;
His hunters shall never know where he has gone,
Never know where he stayed.

I will shelter anything hunted
Until the way be clear,
For one who has kissed a hunted man
Remembers the eyes of fear.



Gr. II, Pastel, by Marilyn Rockino, West H. S., Auburn, N. Y.
In Show. First shown at E. W. Edwards & Son, Syracuse, N. Y.

THE LAST ARISTOCRAT

You are polished and planed with things you know,
 Gleaming with things you own,
 All refined to a delicate glow
 Rounding the hollow bone.

Your thoughts are drawn in a perfect line,
 Just as your forebears thought—
 The heaviest silver, the lightest wine,
 The taste that cannot be taught.

The words you speak are a picture-frame,
 And chiseled with just the scorn
 Suited to one who wears the name
 Under which you were born.

But you will bring strangers forth from your seed;
 Sons who will love and fight;
 You are the last of the proud old breed,
 The silver service and candlelight.

The race is dying, you are the last,
 The quiet elegance, cool, inbred,
 Portraits out of the clinging past,
 This will be gone when you are dead.

Pride and breeding, line and bone,
 Gentleman, lady, and thoroughbred;
 You are the ending, you are alone,
 The silver is sold when the last is dead.



Hon. Men., \$10, Gr. II, Black Ink, by Francis Churchill, Hagerstown (Md.) H. S. (Higgins Ink Co., sponsor). First shown at Hochschild, Kohn & Co.



Honorable Mention, \$10, Gr. II, Black Drawing Ink, by Carmen Seils, Robbinsdale (Minn.) H. S. (Higgins Ink Co., sponsor). First shown at The Dayton Co. Regional, Minneapolis, Minn.

SECOND AWARD POETRY

Laurence Jacobs, 17

Abraham Lincoln High School
 Brooklyn, New York
 Teacher, Miss Mary Farquhar

THE HERMIT

You do not know quite how it is to walk alone
 To know that these your footsteps are your only guide
 And they lead to the past.
 You cannot know the empty streets that one must find
 To be alone. The black threads
 Sagging with wash—the mute flags
 Of the city-dweller, out to dry.
 You cannot know the aged dignity of streetlamps
 Each staring down at his rooted feet
 And blinking at them in surprise.
 You cannot know the humble hush
 Of close locked stores.
 You cannot know the roads
 Dark cables strung from the night to morning.
 Come with me then. I know a place
 Where giants wheel by on crusted tracks
 And sow sparks in the gravel and the sand.
 I'll leave you there to watch. The road curves underneath
 Come from the ships and the green-flecked piers
 And bound for slated hills and black-coned coal.
 When the passing trains have shaken love
 From your warm mind and pity
 From your eyes, then look for me.

THIRD AWARD POETRY

Jimi Schock, 17

Tucson Senior High School
Tucson, Arizona
Teacher, Mrs. Bessie Rea

CIVILIZATION

Words! Useless words!
People preach them.
Teachers teach them.

Words! Useless words!
Women may say them.
Men may pray them.

Words! Useless words!
Authors write them.
Critics spite them.

Words! Useless words!
Students learn them.
Dictators burn them.

Words! Useless words!

DESERT DAY

The hot dry sunlight
Pours down on the summer desert.
A lizard seeks the shade of a giant cactus.
The desert brush, like waxen molds,
Refuses to move without a nudge of wind.
The heat waves shimmer, blur your view
Of green-clad mountain tops.
The sky's a weak and sickly blue
And the heat is like a hundred heavy blows.
Battering an arid brain

It cools, for night has come
To cool the desert floor
And expand the saguaro pads.
A smiling breeze commands
The dust to fall from the sagebrush.
Desert life looks out at the stars
Blinking in the vast frozen expanse of time.
Mammal, rodent and serpent
All come forth to hunt betwixt the shadows
Softened by the moon.

The stars begin to close their eyes
As the black sky turns pale.
The moon is north of east
Low behind the mountain ridge.
The sun comes up facing the western horizon
Coming up like wind.
The desert animals seek their homes.
The plants curl to save their lives.
All the desert floor avoids
The hot dry sunlight.

FOURTH AWARD POETRY

Ingrid Ann Esterson, 16

Lakeland (Fla.) H. S.
Teacher, Miss Virginia Miller

THE LEGEND OF THE FLUTE

How fine a flute in that child's esteem!
Its tone was shining; so free
It called the butterflies from the fields
And tempted them to his knee, his knee;
Along with crickets and bumblebees,
Assembled them on his knee.

Pine needles dropped at the flute's command!
Cedars threw scents to the boy.
And dew-drops broke on the weeds and fell;
They could not live in such joy, such joy;
The music shattered their hearts; they fell.
They could not live for the joy.

The child was the deaf-mute of the town!
And yet he heard in the flute
The music that was denied the world
Whose hearing was more acute, acute;
The music no human ear could catch,
Whose hearing was more acute.

Let rags serve for clothes and straw his bed!
The heart was deafened to care.
No pangs of hunger disturbed his sleep
So long as the flute was there, was there;
He slept as if in blankets of white
As long as his flute was there.

A carriage tore through the town one day!
It took a count to the sea.
The men who lashed at the horses' flanks
Spat at the peasants with glee, with glee;

1ST AWARD POETRY

Barbara Murray Holland is one of a family of six half-brothers and sisters who live in Florida with her mother and stepfather. She lives in Washington, D. C., with relatives in order to attend school there. She is in her last year at Woodrow Wilson, provided she passes physical education, which, she says, seems problematical. She detests baseball, basketball, and all the other "balls" necessary for physical ed. She does like convertibles, riding, dancing, and swimming. Her plans for the future are nebulous, but hopefully embrace writing.



2ND AWARD POETRY

Laurence Jacobs was graduated from Abraham Lincoln H. S. in Jan., 1950—first in his class. He edited *Cargoes*, the school magazine, and has been writing for as long as he can remember. He entered four Scholastic Awards contests before this one, without success. He prefers short stories to poetry (he also won a commendation in short story), and would rather play basketball than write or read either. He likes classical and popular music, with the exception of South Pacific, and is also a chess expert. In September he hopes to enter Harvard University.



3RD AWARD POETRY

Jimi Schock, who lives in Tucson, Arizona, is obviously a disciple of the school of writing that believes the writer ought to write primarily about what he knows. Jimi plans to go on to college, where he will major in speech and minor in either writing or literature. He hopes to go into the field of radio-television announcing. Although he is interested in radio and television as dramatic forms, and they take first place with him, he also hopes to try his hand at free-lance magazine writing, too, if he can learn to write well enough.



The men who lashed at the horses' flanks
Spat at the peasants with glee.

He stood in the way and saw it late!
Leaping away from the hoof
He lost the flute from his clutching hands;
It caught on the carriage roof, the roof;
Escaped his hands, from his grasping hands
And caught on the carriage roof.

The deaf-mute fell to the ground and died!
This is the tale they repeat:
The doctor wondered, "How could he walk;
He has had nothing to eat, to eat;
He should have died a long time ago.
He has had nothing to eat."

The carriage rolled through the mountain-pass!
Deep in the meadows of May,
The winds from the low-lands found the flute
And so it began to play, to play;
Wild winds discovered the flute and laughed.
Then they all began to play

Loud came the voice of the tormented flutel
Behold, how loose now the rein.
The count fell still in the seat, so still.
He could not live in the pain, the pain;
The music shattered their hearts; they fell.
They could not live in such pain.

All three sat dead as the carriage rocked!
The horses thundered ahead
They sensed behind them was life no more
But silent corpses instead, instead;
Behind them floundered a horrid thing;
A burden of death instead.



Society of Illustrators Award, \$50, Gr. III, Black Ink,
by George Fick, Cass Technical H. S., Detroit, Mich.
First shown at Crowley's Regional Exhibition.

Peasants, beware of a coach like this!
Drawn by horses of black—
Run for shelter and hide your ears.
Never, no, never, look back, look back;
The flute will shatter your heart with pain
If ever you once look back.

Those horses run with no will to stop!
Behold, their sorrow is joy.
No hunger can touch them, nay, nor grief.
They live like the deaf-mute boy, poor boy;
They travel the mountain and the plain.
They live like the deaf-mute boy.

Around his grave is the sweetest thing!
Warblers and wild flowers fair;
Sometimes a puzzled deaf beggar stops;
He seems to hear music there, flutes there;
He looks all about him in awe; he stops,
For wondrous music is there.

FOURTH AWARD POETRY

Mary Anne Binns. 17

Roosevelt High School
Seattle, Washington
Teacher, Miss Edna Breazeal

COLOR

Said the blind child
"What is blue?"
And I answered,
It is serenity
Deepening into repose.
"And what is red?"
Red is exuberance
Swelling to passion.
Flaming, glowing heat.
"What is yellow?"
And I thought long,
Before I said,
"Yellow is the peace
Of contentment,
Seeping, saturating
An April day."
And the child smiled,
And said no more.

BLINDNESS

I never thought
Blindness would be like this.
I thought it came
Suddenly,
Swiftly
Engulfing with its darkness
In a single stroke.
But I was wrong.
Blindness is slow
An insidious mist
Creeping in from the edges,
Dulling the sharpness
Obliterating detail
Until all is
Enveloped in its
Twilight
Which soon darkens
Into starless night.

Magic

MAGIC is a word which suggests different meanings to different people. I do not think of magic in terms of fairy wands and flying carpets, of goblins and witches, of the weird crafts of magicians and sorcerers. Unlike superstitious people, I am not afraid to walk under a ladder; and, if I break a mirror, I do not expect seven years of bad luck. I do not carry a lucky piece with me, or even possess a rabbit's foot or a four-leaf clover.

To me the word *magic* has an entirely different connotation. I believe that magic is a synonym for anything unusually beautiful. Even more than this, I believe that something which is given in answer to the prayer of a person in need is a magic gift. Money is magic to the poor; clothing is magic to the needy; companionship is magic to the lonely; food is magic to the hungry; and life is magic to those struggling to overcome death.

Magic is found not only in big and important things. Sometimes a small act of kindness brings joy and happiness to an individual. Two years ago I bought a lovely white net evening dress with a voluminous skirt, a tight waist, and a daring neckline. The moment I put it on I felt transformed. The swish of the skirt when I walked, the texture of the white filmy material next to my skin, and the charm and sophistication of the formal made it my most prized and treasured possession. The dress brought popularity, romance, excitement, and perfect bliss. To me, this gown was magic.

Then one day last month I received an invitation to a formal dance. Since it was the first big party of the year, I decided to wear my white net formal. When I informed Mother of my decision, she put her hand on my arm and said, "I'm sorry, dear, but I gave the dress to Polly Hunt to wear to a party. Her mother couldn't afford to buy her a formal, and unless she had an evening dress, she could not go to the dance."

My whole world was shattered. Mother had actually given my best dress away—and to Polly, of all people! That old maid! How could she possibly wear my dress—she's so tall and skinny. Just because Polly's mother and my mother were friends, just because Polly's mother confided in mine about her daughter's inferiority complex and unpopularity, did that give Polly the right to wear my dress?

Mother realized how angry and disappointed I was. That afternoon we



drove over to see Polly. The Hunts live in a small, shabby house. Mr. Hunt is a sick man, and Mrs. Hunt works in a department store. Polly does the cooking and cleaning when she comes home from college. When I rang the bell, Polly answered the door. Upon seeing Mother, she threw her arms around her in wild exuberance and blurted out cries of gratitude and thanks. We went into the living room and waited while Polly went upstairs. She said she had something to show us.

A short time later Polly appeared, wearing the white net evening dress. Her eyes danced and sparkled, and her face glowed with pride and happiness.

THIRD AWARD ESSAY

By Caryl Helen Amshel, 16

Winchester-Thurston School
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Teacher, Miss E. Evans

Won regional award sponsored by
The Pittsburgh (Pa.) Press

Hon. Men., Gr. II L, Scholastic-Ansco
Photography Awards, by Bill Porter,
Alexander Hamilton H. S., Los Angeles,
Cal. First shown at Bullock's, L. A.

The white dress brought out the color of her fair skin, and hid the slenderness of her body.

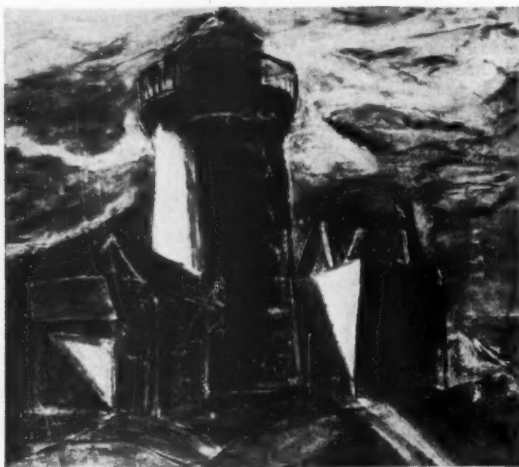
In that moment Polly looked almost beautiful. The dress had transformed her into a vision of loveliness and graceful charm. Only one word came into my mind—magic! The dress which had once seemed magic to me had also cast its spell over Polly. It had made her happy; it had given her confidence; it had come as a blessing.

I believe that this world is full of magic: the magic of youth; the magic of spring; the magic of a warm fire on a cold winter night; the magic of a smile; the magic of a kiss; the magic of a mother's soothing words; the magic of the sunrise at dawn of day; and the magic of the sunset at dusk. To me, all of life is magic, because I am at the magical age of sixteen.



Second Award, \$25, Group III, Transparent Water Color, by William Teodecki, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit, Mich. (American Crayon Co., sponsor). First shown at Crowley's.

1950 Art Awards Winners



Second Award, \$25, Gr. II, Ceramics, by Lorraine Balmuth, H. S. of Music & Art, N. Y. C. First shown at Sachs Quality Stores Regional Exhibit.

Third Award, \$15, Gr. II, Pastel, by Thomas H. C. Driscoll, William Penn Charter School, Philadelphia, Pa. (Weber Costello Co., sponsor). First shown at Gimbel Bros. Regional Exhibition, Philadelphia.



Second Award, \$25, Gr. III, Crayon, by Joanna Stevens, Lincoln H. S., Cleveland, O. (Milton Bradley Co., sponsor). First shown at Halle Bros.



Third Award, \$15, Metalcraft, by Louise Washburne, Cass Technical H. S., Detroit, Mich. First shown at Crowley's Regional Exhibition, Detroit, Michigan.

• In this section we reproduce a few of the 1950 Scholastic Art Awards winners. They were selected from the 1,400 art pieces on display at the National High School Art Exhibition, held at Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, Pa., from May 6 through May 29. This exhibition climaxes a program of preliminary exhibitions held by 45 regional co-sponsors, in which a total of 96,520 entries came before regional judges. Entries from unsponsored areas brought the 1950 total of art and photography entries to 112,520. Cash awards total \$15,000. Scholarships are valued at \$40,000.



Third Award, \$15, Group II, Oils, by Fred Pease, Roosevelt High School, Seattle, Wash. (F. Weber Co., sponsor). First shown Frederick and Nelson Regional Exhibition, Seattle, Washington.



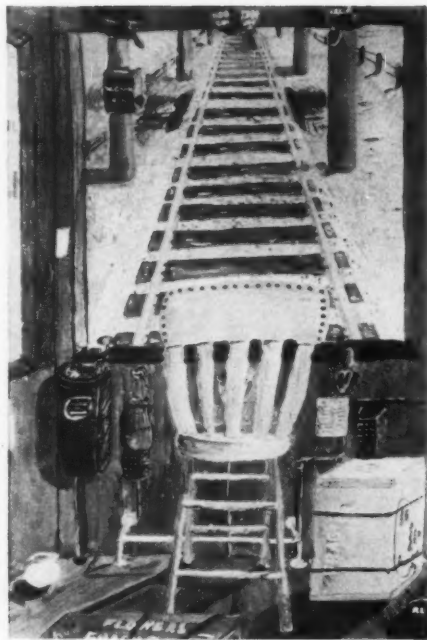
First Award, \$50, Group II, Handcraft, by Sheila Gore, New Trier Twp. H. S., Winnetka, Ill. (O-P Craft Co., sponsor). First shown at Wieboldt's, Evanston, Ill., Regional.



First Award, \$50, Gr. III, Colored Chalk, by Shirley Burke, Marshall H. S., Rochester, N. Y. (Weber Costello Co., sponsor). First shown at Sibley's.



First Award, \$50, Metalcraft, by Ardell Thomas, Vocational H. S., Minneapolis, Minn. First shown at Dayton Co. Regional Show.



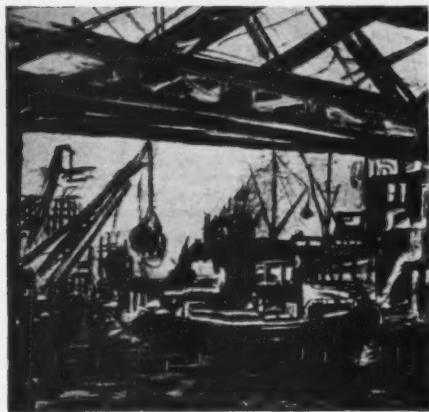
Third Award, \$15, Group II, Opaque Water Color, by Roger Hillock, East Waterloo (Ia.) H. S. (American Crayon Co., sponsor). First shown at Younkera Regional.



First Award, \$50, Group II, Crayon, by Marlene Anderson, Roosevelt H. S., Portland, Ore. (Milton Bradley Co., sponsor). First shown at the Meier and Frank Regional Exhibition.



Strathmore Regional Award, \$25, Group III, Opaque Water Color, by Gracia Lugo, Prospect Heights H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. (Strathmore Paper, sponsor). First shown at Abraham & Straus Regional, Brooklyn, N. Y.



Second Award, \$25, Gr. II, Crayon, by Dmitry Vergun, Lamar Sr. H. S., Houston, Tex. (Milton Bradley Co., sponsor). First shown at Foley's Regional Show.



Third Award, \$15, Jewelry, by Gene Schacter, Peabody H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. First shown at Kaufmann's.



Third Award, \$15, Gr. III, Crayon, by Le Roy Cripps, Benjamin Franklin H. S., Rochester, N. Y. (Milton Bradley Co., sponsor). First shown at Sibley's Regional Exhibition, Rochester, N. Y.



Drawing in Lead Pencil, Group II, by Ruth Kochy, Rahway High School, Rahway, New Jersey.

CHARACTERS

DREW
TOM
VEGA

Of Sand and Stars

MUSIC: Introductory theme up, then under.

DREW: There was always the wind. The wind that came out of the darkness to envelop me. The strange emanations reaching from beyond the mystical veil of sleep . . . The exasperating and persistent sounds—soft and soothing at one time, rasping and irritating at another. *(Pause)* It was always there when the dream began; it always faded away just as the images started dancing in my sad, muddled brain. Oh, if I could only grasp the grey, distorted figures that floated into view after the terrible wind.

MUSIC: Up for accent.

SOUND: Whistling wind.

DREW *(pause)*: Listen. *(Pause)* Hear it? That's what I mean. The wind that comes whistling out of dim obscurity as the dream begins. As I toss fitfully on my bed, I try to pass through the whistling . . . try to find what's beyond. But it's no use. Darkness. A black void.

MUSIC: Accent and under.

DREW: Then it happened! One night

as I was experiencing my horrible recurring fantasy, the wind . . . the whistling wind suddenly grew louder and louder.

MUSIC: Dissolve into . . .

SOUND: Whistling wind up and down.

DREW: And as the sound swelled with intensity and faded, I was transported from my snug bed to the black void of my nightmare. And I saw, filtering through the inky blackness, a pin-point of light . . . It grew as the whistling wind grew louder *(Sound up)* . . . the light expanded . . . until before my eyes lay a vast expanse of deep blue sky . . . and I found myself beneath the sky, trudging wearily across the hot, barren desert. *(Pause)* But not alone.

SOUND: Out.

MUSIC: An accent.

SOUND: Steps trudging across sand.

TOM: How're you feeling now?

DREW: All right. But . . . but who are you?

TOM: Don't you remember, sir?

DREW *(in a daze)*: Remember?

TOM: The plane . . . to London . . .

DREW: No . . . I . . . don't know of any plane.

TOM: Here . . . better sit down again . . . rest.

DREW: Yes. Rest.

TOM: Think, sir. You've got to remember.

DREW: But . . . tell me who you are. TOM: I'm Tom Edwards . . . the pilot of the Constellation.

DREW: The pilot? What . . . what happened to the plane?

TOM: There was a leak in the feed line . . . our plane crashed.

DREW: Crashed, you say?

TOM: You remember. You were there.

MUSIC: *Background.*

DREW: I was on the plane?

TOM: Yes.

DREW: The rest of the people . . .

TOM: The passengers? I don't know.

I only remember waking up here on the sand. The others were gone.

DREW: They found their way back to civilization?

TOM: They must have—or . . .

DREW: Or what?

TOM: We were probably thrown clear when it crashed . . . before the gas tanks exploded.

DREW: I don't remember.

TOM: Drew.

DREW: What? What did you call me?

TOM: Drew. The name engraved on your lighter.

DREW: Drew? It doesn't seem familiar. Tom . . . I don't know who I am.

TOM: Can't you remember?

DREW: It's no use. I have amnesia.

MUSIC: *Up for accent and under.*

DREW: And the scene fades, and I wake up with a start. There is a gnawing sensation in my brain. Where had I been flying to? "London," he said. And what was my business there? And the desert? How were we to find our way back to civilization? If I could only dream that vision, that hallucination, once more. Two nights passed, and no dream. The third day, I waited with great impatience for night to come . . . and sleep. (Pause) Once more, something filtered through the perpetual blackness of slumber. And once again I found myself on the desert, sitting on hot sand.

MUSIC: *Finish for accent.*

TOM: Have a good sleep?

DREW: Sleep!

TOM: Yes. It did you a lot of good, sir.

DREW: I . . . I wanted to stay awake.

TOM: Has your memory come back?

DREW (pause): No. No.

TOM: The plane . . . what's left of the plane . . . is back there . . . over the dunes.

DREW: Captain.

TOM: Tom . . .

DREW: Tom. This is a desert, isn't it?

TOM: Yes, Drew. A desert in Maine.

DREW: Were you able to radio your position?

TOM: Strange thing. Radio went dead as we were nearing the desert. Can't understand it.

DREW: Do you think—

TOM: What?

DREW: Nothing. Nothing.

MUSIC: *Accent and under.*

DREW: With that, the dream faded, and try as I might, I couldn't conjure up the fleeting vision. A week passed . . . then a month. Then, as I lay sleeping in my bed, I heard the inevitable whistling of the wind.

MUSIC: *Finish for accent.*

SOUND: *Wind up.*

DREW (on above): And I was almost suffocating in a sand-storm!

TOM: Hold on to me, Drew!

DREW: Yes!

TOM: Lie face down!

DREW: I can hardly breathe . . .

TOM: Don't talk . . . keep down!

MUSIC: *Wash over and under.*

DREW: And the wind blew with all its fury. I couldn't tell how long the storm lasted, but it seemed as though an eternity had passed before it subsided. (Pause) Perhaps you have visited Maine, and have driven down a winding road through green rural landscape, and suddenly you came upon acres of barren shifting sand dunes and rolling green fields. This is what I saw in my dream . . . my own special dream. You know the desert is always moving? You've seen how the wind keeps blowing over the crest of a dune, and slides down the other side. This motion keeps up, until the wind shifts, and the motion proceeds in another direction. I saw that. And there was beauty in my dream, too. An artist could readily paint the various colors of the sand . . . black and brown, blue and yellow, lavender, grey. But my predicament diminished my appreciation; I was trapped on the dunes, Tom and I. While we were sitting there, too tired to move, he said . . .

MUSIC: *Dissolve.*

TOM: That expression on your face . . . what's the matter?

DREW: Say, Tom I see something odd.

TOM: What?

DREW: Look around you. Do you see quite a few dark-colored mounds in the distance?

TOM: Where?

DREW: Look . . . along the level part . . . see? Dark bumps as if the sand seems to be pushing upward.

MUSIC: *An accent . . . cut.*

DREW: And my dream fades, once more. But the following night I learned what I was about to encounter, for there I was, on the desert, watching Tom stare at the dark mounds.

MUSIC: *A soft accent.*

DREW: Tom . . . Tom . . . something's down under us . . . trying to escape from its tomb . . . pushing its way upward from subterranean caverns!

MUSIC: *Finish for accent.*

TOM: What do you mean?

DREW: Some internal pressure's pushing the sand upward.

TOM (calmly): Now, take it easy, Drew. You've had a tough time of it—lapse of memory and all.

DREW: Don't you see, Tom!

TOM: Your imagination's getting the better of you.

DREW (exasperated): Oh, Tom!

TOM: Look. The wind blows the dark sand away as soon as it's pushed to the surface.

DREW: See? It keeps coming!

TOM: Some natural phenomenon. Perhaps this was the bed of the ocean in prehistoric times. Maybe—

DREW: Don't make wild guesses when I tell you I'm right!

TOM: But how do you know you're right?

DREW: I can't explain, exactly. But I'm right. I know there's something down there . . . under this sand!

MUSIC: *For background.*

DREW: And the dream fades into nothingness. (Pause) A month passed. Thirty days of suffering and anguish . . . waiting for the dream which did not come. Oh, I was a very haggard man after all this suspense and apprehension. I took a trip down to Florida to get some relief from the tension. One sultry day, I was several miles from the shore of the bayou country of the Gulf coast fishing for silver trout. Somehow, as I was leaning back in my chair in the stern of my launch, with my rod between my knees, lulled to sleep by the gentle rocking of the boat and the tang of the breeze, I was transported from that peaceful scene to the land of fantasy . . . my dream world . . . the desert . . . and Tom.

MUSIC: *Out.*

TOM: It's getting cold.

DREW: I feel it.

TOM: Where can we go?

DREW: I can't walk any more.

TOM: Sit down on the sand and rest.

DREW (narrating after a pause): And slowly darkness descended about us, covering the desert with foreboding black shadows of the night. I don't know how long we sat there huddled together.

TOM (after a pause): Drew . . .

FIRST PRIZE ORIGINAL RADIO DRAMA

By Richard Justa, 18

Orange (N. J.) High School

Teacher, Miss Muriel E. Pons

Won regional award sponsored by

The Newark (N. J.) News

DREW: Yes?

TOM: I've been thinking. We've been walking . . . well . . . for a long time . . . and I think we should've reached some sort of civilization by now.

DREW: I know.

TOM: If this is in Maine . . . and I know it is . . . the desert, I mean . . . it isn't that large.

DREW: You mean we should be—

TOM: We should have seen some sort of life . . . human beings . . . by this time.

DREW (pause—thoughtfully): Maybe . . .

TOM: Maybe what?

DREW: Maybe we're dreaming this.

TOM: What!

DREW: Maybe you're a figment of my imagination . . . Perhaps I'm dreaming all this . . .

TOM: Nonsense! Snap out of it, sir . . . Drew.

DREW: But what about the desert . . . you said—

TOM: You feel the cold, don't you?

DREW: Yes.

TOM: All right, then. You're here . . . in real life. And I'm here, too . . . pilot of a crashed overseas airliner.

DREW (hesitating): I guess you're right.

TOM: Sure I am.

DREW: Yes . . . but . . . but what about the black mounds of sand?

TOM: Nothing.

DREW: I've a strange feeling about them, Tom.

TOM: Forget it.

SOUND: Wind for background.

DREW (pause—shivering): Brrr. There's a wind springing up.

TOM: Yeah. Hope the sun comes up soon. (Pause) Want a cigarette?

DREW: No . . . no thanks.

TOM: Let's see. Where's my matches . . . ahh . . . here.

SOUND: Match striking.

TOM: Ahhh . . . blew out.

SOUND: Match striking again.

TOM: Doggone! Blew out again . . . (Pause) Might as well try and get some shuteye.

DREW: I suppose so.

TOM: Yep.

DREW (pause): Look at all those thousands of stars up there.

MUSIC: Weird music up and down with the wind.

DREW (pause, then quickly): Hear something?

SOUND: Wind up and down.

TOM: What?

DREW: Shhh.

TOM (pause): What's the matter?

DREW: I don't know. I thought I heard something . . . music. . .

TOM: Music?

DREW: Yes.

TOM: Only the wind.

DREW: I know I heard something!

TOM: Go to sleep.

DREW (pause): Tom.

TOM: Now what?

DREW: Do you think—(Breaks) The stars . . .

TOM: Drew . . .

DREW: Look at all those stars . . . twinkling . . . twinkling so brightly up there. You could almost reach up and touch them. (Pause) Tom . . . do you think those stars can talk?

MUSIC: For background.

TOM: What!

DREW: I can almost hear them. Oh . . . what those stars could tell . . . what stories . . . looking down upon this baby earth for millions and millions of years. . . . Just think.

TOM: You're goin' out of your—

DREW (continuing): How tiny and insignificant you and I are . . . the whole earth. . . . Out there beyond this universe are countless other universes . . . stretching farther than the imagination can reach . . . and comprehend. Like a dream. Twinkling like thousands of diamonds. The big dipper. Reaching down to hook a fleeting comet. The North Star. . . . Forty years ago the light you see now left the North Star and is just reaching us now. Forty light years away. And light travels 186,324 miles a second. (Pause) I wonder if the stars can talk. Perhaps that one up there . . . one of those in the dipper . . . maybe it blew up years ago . . . and still the light from the star comes to us as it was when it was intact. (Dozing off) I wonder if the stars can talk.

SOUND: Wind up over music then down.

MUSIC: Up and down with weird sequence.

VEGA (woman . . . soft voice—over weird music . . . slowly): Drew . . . Drew . . . (Pause) Can you hear me? (Pause) Drew . . .

DREW: (Mumbles in his sleep)

VEGA: Wake up, Drew. Wake up.

DREW (mumbling): The stars . . . (Trailing off) I wonder if the stars can talk . . .

VEGA: Wake up, Drew.

DREW (waking up): What . . . who . . . who's there?

VEGA: It's I—Drew.

DREW: Where . . . I hear a voice . . . a woman's voice.

VEGA: You were thinking of me.

DREW: Where are you?

VEGA: Right up here.

DREW: It's so dark.

VEGA: You were thinking of me, Drew. So I came.

DREW: Who . . . who are you?

VEGA: Don't you know?

DREW: It's so dark . . . so cold. . . .

VEGA: Yes, Drew.

DREW: The desert . . . Tom. . . .

VEGA: Your companion's asleep.

DREW: Tom!

VEGA: No use calling him.

DREW: What?

VEGA: He won't wake up until I want him to.

DREW (wondering): Who are you?

VEGA: Think, Drew.

DREW: What do you mean? Where are you . . . I can't see—

VEGA: Never mind looking.

DREW: Who—

VEGA: Remember? . . . The stars?

DREW: The stars?

VEGA: You said. . . .

DREW (slowly): I wonder if the stars can—(Breaks off for:)

MUSIC: Accent and out.

VEGA: Yes, Drew.

DREW (in wonderment): You!

VEGA: The stars can talk, Drew.

DREW: No! No! It can't be—

VEGA: But it is true. You see, Drew . . . I'm—

DREW: You're only a voice out of the darkness. . . .

VEGA: You were thinking of me. So I came to you.

DREW: What . . .

VEGA: What were you saying a few minutes ago, Drew?

DREW (in a whisper): The stars . . . the Big Dipper. . . . All the stars. . . .

VEGA: Which star?

DREW: The North Star.

VEGA: Yes.

DREW: You . . . the North . . . Star. . . .

VEGA: Oh, yes, Drew. I'm Vega of the North Star . . . Drew . . . how long I've waited for you to think of me. . . .

DREW: How . . . how can you be here. . . .

VEGA: All these years.

DREW: But—

VEGA: I heard you say, "I wonder if the stars can talk" . . .

MUSIC: Sneak.

VEGA: . . . and I knew that you were going to think of me, at last. The many times I've wanted to come to you. But I couldn't until you spoke my name.

DREW (hesitating in awe): Who are you? . . .

VEGA: Don't you know now? I feel that you know who I am.

DREW: I . . . I do . . . yet . . . I . . . I can't make myself believe it.

VEGA: At last I've found you!

DREW: Vega . . . but where are you? . . .

VEGA: I'm here . . . beside you in the dark.

DREW: What—

MUSIC: Up and down in volume.

VEGA: Look up in the sky.

DREW: That start!
 VEGA: Yes, Drew.
 DREW: It's getting brighter and brighter . . . wait . . . it's fading . . .
 MUSIC: *Up and down with Drew.*
 DREW: . . . Now it's getting brighter again . . . pulsating . . .
 VEGA: Don't you know why, Drew?
 DREW: The North Star!
 VEGA: That's where I came from.
 DREW: What . . . what do you want here?
 VEGA: I want you, Drew.
 DREW: What!
 VEGA: Yes, dearest. How I longed to come to you. But I couldn't. Not until you saw me in the sky and spoke my name. (*Slowly*) I love you.
 DREW (*faltering*): You love me?
 VEGA: Oh, yes. Ever since I first saw you many years ago.
 DREW: But . . . how can you see me? I . . . I must be dreaming. . . Here I am on the desert at night . . . unable to escape . . . and I hear a woman's voice coming out of the cold darkness.
 VEGA: I'm here, Drew. Never doubt that.
 DREW: Let me see you, Vega.
 VEGA: It's impossible, darling. I . . . well, all I can say is that my spirit is beside you, but my body's up there in the heavens.
 DREW: Forty light years away.
 VEGA: I have so many things to tell you, Drew.
 DREW: What?
 VEGA: Things that perhaps you will never believe. But I must go back for now, Drew. The dawn's coming. I must go back. (*Fade*) Think of me tonight, dearest. Think of me.
 SOUND: *Wind swirls up . . . and under.*
 MUSIC: *Same weird sequence as for apparition scene. . . Up and finish for accent.*
 DREW: She's gone! She's gone . . . (*Calming down*) but . . . did I hear her voice? . . . Sure . . . I'm awake . . .

wide awake . . . and I can make out Tom sleeping there . . . Tom . . . Tom!
 TOM (*waking up*): What's the matter? I heard you talking.

DREW: There! You said it! You heard me talking!

TOM: What? Yes. You were having a nightmare.

DREW: No! Somebody was here on the desert with us!

TOM: You've been dreaming again, Drew. You're not yourself yet. The desert's getting you.

DREW: I tell you, Tom. There was someone here . . . a girl . . . her voice. . .

TOM: We'd better not go on for a while more. You still need rest.

DREW: Wait until nighttime comes again. Then I'll show you . . . I'll prove the girl exists!

MUSIC: *Weird bridge.*

DREW (*as if talking to himself*): Now. At last the night's come. All the stars. Tom thought I was imagining all that I told him. But he's wrong. (*Pause*) Look at him sleeping peacefully over there. He wouldn't stay awake. But I'm just as glad. He doesn't know the power I have. (*Pause*) The stars. Now I don't want to get back to civilization. (*Pause*) The North Star shining so brilliantly up there. And Vega. Forty light years away. (*Pause—deliberately—as cue to Vega*) I wonder if the stars can talk!

VEGA (*softly*): Here I am, Drew.

DREW: I knew you'd come.

VEGA: Yes. I heard you up there.

DREW (*softly*): Vega . . . I'm falling in love with your voice. . . If I could only see you.

VEGA: Oh, Drew . . . I'm so glad . . . so happy you said that. . . Perhaps . . . perhaps some day you will be able to see me.

DREW: When, Vega?

VEGA: Not until I think the time is right.

DREW: What do you mean?

VEGA: I'll explain it to you someday, Drew.

DREW: Vega . . . you said something last night . . . you were going to tell me something.

VEGA: I remember. But I don't know if I should tell you now.

DREW: Why?

VEGA: You might not believe me. . .

DREW: I will . . . I will, Vega.

VEGA: It might not be good for you if I did.

DREW: Please tell me.

VEGA: You might not believe what I have to say.

DREW: But how do you know it's so terrible . . . or whatever it is that would make me doubt your word?

VEGA: Drew, I said that I am from another world than yours. That star you see gleaming up in the sky above you. My body up there has transmitted its soul by telepathy down to earth to see the one I love.

DREW: Vega . . .

VEGA: I can see into the future, Drew.

MUSIC: *Soft accent and out.*

DREW: See into the future!

VEGA: Your future . . . and the future of your earth.

DREW (*breathless*): Now I know why you—

VEGA: That's right, dearest. And I don't want any harm to come to you.

DREW: What . . . what's in store for the earth?

VEGA: Drew, I know where the largest field of uranium is in the world. One nation will discover it. And that country will win the next war.

DREW: Another war!

VEGA: That's why I'm so happy you called me, darling. You'll be safe with me.

MUSIC: *Up and under.*

DREW (*narrating*): Yes, Vega told me many things . . . facts which would make your hair stand on end. Did you know that scientists have made radar

1ST AWARD RADIO

Writing and singing are the two main interests of Richard Justa. Dick's interest in writing was aroused through last year's Scholastic Awards and he continued his efforts by entering the 1950 contest. An avid music enthusiast, he sings in his church choir and enjoys good musical programs. Now a senior at Orange High School, Dick's ambition is to enter the fascinating field of radio and television, writing radio scripts like the one that brought him his award. Some day he hopes to be able to produce programs.



2ND AWARD RADIO

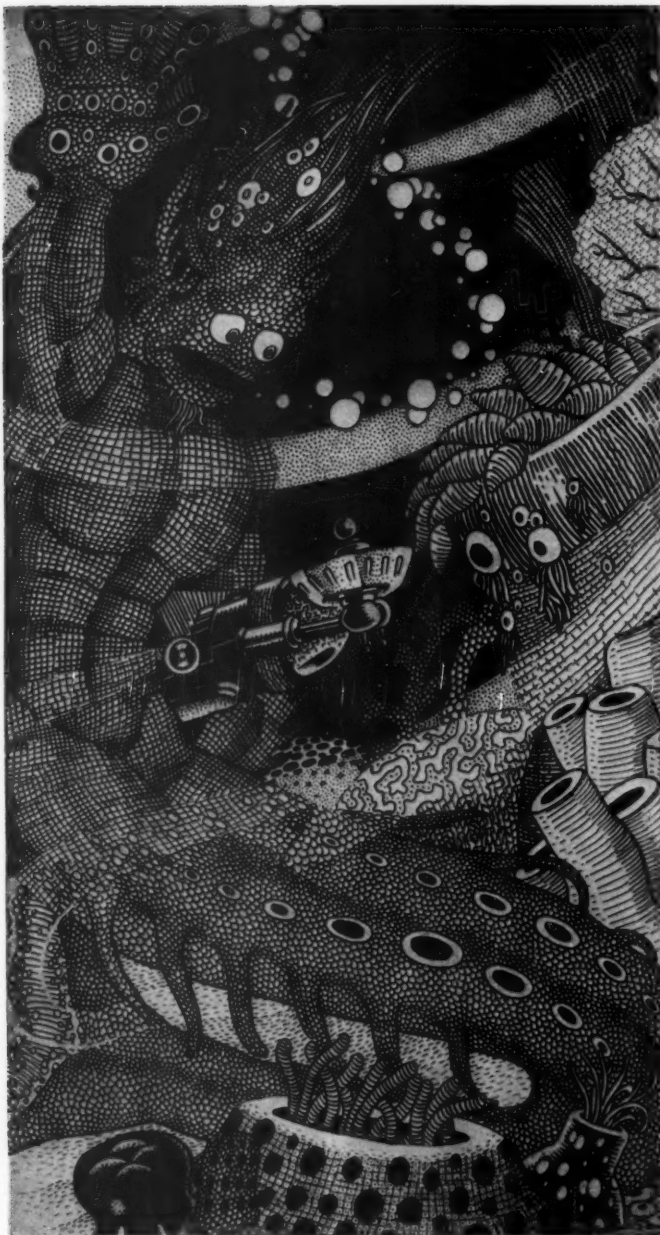
Ann Keller, who is 16, is a lower senior at Edwin Denby High School, in Detroit, Michigan. After she is graduated she intends to enroll at Western Michigan College of Education in Kalamazoo. She plans to major in Dramatics and minor in Music and English. Her Award-winning script, which we hope to publish during the next school year in one of the Scholastic magazines, is one of three scripts she submitted to her teacher. Ann won a regional writing award sponsored by The Detroit News.



3RD AWARD RADIO

Pattie Ann Lewis says she has lived a normal, unexciting life for all of her seventeen years. She lives with her parents and two older brothers in the same neighborhood where she was born. Her chief interests are writing, swimming, baseball, reading, and music. She expects to be graduated this spring from Johnson City High School, Johnson City, New York, but has not yet made any plans about her future career. We hope to be able to publish Pattie's script during the next school year in one of the Scholastic magazines.





Black Ink, Group III, by John W. Grossman, Des Moines (Iowa) Tech. H. S. First shown at Yunker's, Des Moines.

contact with Mars? No—there was no mention in the papers. You see, the scientists and astronomers found life on Mars! Living beings with intelligence as high, perhaps surpassing ours! Creatures who live beneath the surface of Mars!

Music: Up for accent and under again.

DREW (*pause*): And I know that on May 24, 1950, George Shaver of Mt. Vernon will slip on a banana peel and break his leg; Mrs. Elliot Lancaster of London, England, will give birth to septuplets on June first of this year, and on June third my Aunt Isabel will find a pocketbook containing a hundred and fifteen dollars and twenty-four cents, and on the same day she will lose one hundred and ten dollars on the stock market. On June fourth, a severe earthquake will destroy half the city of San Francisco. Three days later a miner in Pennsylvania will discover the remains of a petrified human being twenty-thousand years old in a newly-blasted coal vein. In Argentina, a Pedro Gonzales will find a little gold piece, and a week later he will find a vein of gold worth millions of dollars on his grandfather's property on the pampas. On July first, the Mississippi will overflow its banks north of New Orleans; on Independence Day a revolution will start in Guatemala. Mrs. B. Applebottom of Altoona, Pa., will have her appendix removed that same day, and a heat wave will strike Chicago.

(*Pause*) and I could tell you when the sun will have entirely burned itself out, or when the moon will explode into atoms, or even when a comet will crash into Venus. And when a meteor will plunge into the Pacific Ocean and sink an entire fleet of ships. Perhaps you would like to know when Mt. Vesuvius will erupt, and take a greater toll of lives than in the days of Pompeii. Or when Manhattan Island will sink into New York Harbor. Or about the time when the earth will receive visitors from outer space? (*Pause*) Yes, Vega told me all this. I believe her. (*Pause—slow emphasis*) And how about the man who flew towards London on July sixteenth, 1950, but crashed in Maine . . . in the desert!

Music: Finish for accent.

VEGA: Yes, Drew. I'm so happy I could come to you . . . to the one I love.

DREW: You know I crashed on the desert, don't you?

VEGA: You're here, now . . . aren't you?

DREW: It's all a dream, isn't it?

VEGA: And Tom, the pilot of the plane?

DREW: Tom . . . a dream.

VEGA: Drew . . . your other life may be all a dream.

DREW: What . . .

VEGA: This may be your life . . . here with me.

DREW (*dazed*): I don't know. . .

VEGA: You love me, don't you, Drew?

DREW: Yes . . . Vega. . .

VEGA: Vega . . . of the North Star. . .

DREW: Only a voice in the night.

VEGA: No, Drew. A spirit . . . a soul.

DREW: Vega. . .

VEGA: Drew, dearest . . . you must come with me . . . come back with me.

DREW: Why?

VEGA: If you love me . . .

DREW: Will . . . will something . . . something happen to me here on earth if I don't?

VEGA: Darling . . . I was by your side when you told Tom of the sand . . . I heard you talk of the black mounds. . .

DREW: What . . .

VEGA: A long time ago. You told him that you sensed something . . . or somebody . . . was trying to push its way upward from beneath the sand. . .

DREW (*slowly*): Now I remember.

VEGA: What did you say? How did you know this?

DREW: The mounds . . . there would be little bumps of dark sand . . . and the wind would come and blow the sand smooth again.

VEGA: *How* did you know?

DREW: I . . . I heard a voice inside warn me. . . Something told me there was evil here.

VEGA: Drew . . . I told you.

MUSIC: *Accent and under.*

VEGA: I couldn't speak to you, Drew. So I made your subconscious mind transmit my message to you.

DREW: Something under the sand . . . under us.

VEGA: Drew. There's evil here. You must come with me . . . or harm will come to you.

DREW: What harm?

VEGA: The thing beneath you. The thing that's trapped in caverns beneath this desert.

DREW: Vega!

VEGA: It's pushing its way up through the miles of rock and sand . . . up . . . up. . .

DREW: What is it, Vega!

VEGA: Have you ever felt the black sand?

DREW: No.

VEGA: If you put your hand on the fresh mounds of sand, you would have found that they are a least bit warm!

MUSIC: *Up and down.*

DREW: What's down there?

VEGA: I told you about space visitors. . .

DREW: Vega—(*Breaks*) But that wasn't to happen for—

VEGA (*interrupting*): I didn't tell you then that there had been other beings from space visiting the earth!

DREW: Down there!

VEGA: Yes, Drew. They're down there . . . trying to escape from their tomb!

DREW: What are they!

VEGA: They came in prehistoric times when the desert of Maine was the floor of the sea. They came out of space into the North Atlantic. . .

DREW: And . . .

VEGA: . . . and they were trapped below the floor of the ocean. . . And now they're trying to escape! Dearest . . . they'll overpower the earth. You must come with me before they kill you!

MUSIC: *Up for accent and under.*

DREW (*narrating—calmly*): There are exceptionally high tides on the shore of Maine. Over eighteen feet . . . the highest tides in the world. You can stand on a wharf at high tide, and look at fishing boats floating serenely at anchor. Come back a few hours later and those boats will be lying on the muddy bottom of the bay.

(*Pause*) When Admiral Byrd made his expedition to Antarctica in 1947, he discovered "warm spots" on the ice-covered continent at the South Pole. What does that mean? The ice and snow are melting. It's getting warm at the South Pole. There are fissures in the huge ice cap. Some invisible force is breaking up the ice and hard-packed mountains of snow by making it warm. No one dares to speculate upon what is happening . . . but I know what is causing it.

(*Pause*) And in North America . . . Canada . . . Alaska . . . Greenland . . . the mammoth glaciers cover vast regions. Thousands of years ago there was a period known as the ice age. A Great Glacier covered the northern part of the earth as far south as New Jersey. In the course of time, the glacier receded, until it disappeared leaving only rock-scarred land as a sign that it existed. The glaciers that beautify the mountains today are infinitesimal compared to the monster glacier of by-gone years. But scientists have discovered that these glaciers—as the Great Glacier did eons before—were slowly receding—melting! Melting by an invisible force!

(*Pause*) And remember the terrible heat last summer . . . the summer of '49? And the terrible fifty-one day drought! Never before in the New York area had so long a time elapsed without an appreciable drop of rain. Crops dried up . . . a shortage of water . . . the oppressive heat. . . What mysterious force was holding back the rain?

(*Pause*) What causes the exceptionally high tides in Maine . . . and the "warm spots" on sub-zero Antarctica? And the slowly-melting glaciers on the slopes of northern mountains and plateaus? What invisible being kept rain from falling over the Eastern United States for 51 days?

VEGA (*quietly*): The people from outer space!

SOUND: *Up for wind gust.*

DREW: It's getting cold again. But lying here on the desert I just sit on the black mounds of sand and get warm.

VEGA: You won't be cold much longer. No one on earth will be cold again.

DREW: The things on the planet out in space are doing that. Melting the glaciers. Creating the high tides here in Maine. Protecting their kind that are under me . . . trapped under the desert, the "warm spots" in Antarctica . . . the hot drought last year.

VEGA: Tell what the space visitors are like, Drew.

DREW: No sense in telling them, darling. They'll know soon . . . very soon. . .

MUSIC: *Up for accent—cut.*

DREW: . . . Yes. Only a matter of time until the "things" down under this desert escape from their prison. That's why the mounds of sand are warm. They need warmth to live. Heat.

VEGA: Come with me, Drew. Away from the earth. And the future inhabitants of the earth. And death.

DREW: Yes, Vega.

VEGA: The North Star beckons us.

DREW: Yes. At last I will see you.

VEGA: Take my hand, dearest. Away from the desert . . . the earth.

DREW: And the future of my planet.

VEGA: The North Star. Come, Drew.

DREW: I'm ready, Vega. I'm ready.

VEGA: Up to the heavens. Away, dearest. Away.

SOUND: *Mysterious wind swirls up . . . down for:*

MUSIC: *Up with weird sequence . . . under.*

DREW: And the dream fades with a gust of wind and I wake to find myself in this huge plane racing through the deep blue sky. As I look at the flight packet I find that our destination is London, England. And the name of the captain of this monarch of the skies is Thomas Edwards . . . Tom. (*Short pause*) Now I look out the window, and down at the earth I can distinguish the coastline of Maine in the distance. And we're getting lower now. Below us is a vast expanse of sand. The desert of Maine. The plane is acting strangely now. The desert. We're much lower. The sand. And there are flames coming from the motors.

MUSIC: *Up for finish.*

SECOND AWARD HUMOR

Mac Lacy, 16

Will Rogers High School
Tulsa, Oklahoma
Teacher, Mrs. Bessie A. Miller

MODERN ARCHITECTURE

Living in a modern house is much like living with your mother-in-law; you never know what will happen next. Take a friend of ours who owns one of the chromium and glass monsters. He and his frau were working in their ultra-modern kitchen washing dishes and clothes; they got their automatic dish-washer and laundry machine mixed up (they both resemble enameled trunks with various metal dials here and there). He says they're still eating off paper plates.

Another thing which is rather annoying about these modern houses: how do the architects who design the junk expect us to perch our frames on the "functional" furniture they turn out? It looks to us as if they make the stuff out of bent paper clips and shingles.

While we're on the subject, we'd like something else answered. What is the benefit of that latest innovation: indirect lighting? It's pretty, and all that, but after all, you've got to see. It's particularly annoying in the dining room. Nothing is more disconcerting than to put a fork in your mouth and find there's nothing on it. From now on fashionable hostesses should serve radar with each meal. Also annoying are the mile-long stretches of glass which architects delight in festooning their houses with. Not only does it make privacy long



First Award, Gr. II, Gag Cartoon, \$50, by Donna Francis, Shawnee Mission H. S., Merriam, Kan. First shown at Emery, Bird, Thayer. (Grumbacher, Inc., sponsor, with National Cartoonists Society.)

gone, it also has an uncanny affinity for birds. Needless to say, it's difficult to keep clean.

The great advocates of the school say, "Simplicity is the watchword, everything is sacrificed for usefulness and simplicity." This is true, we can vouch for it. Why else would they put only three legs on their chairs? Why else would they put one hand on their clocks and flat roofs on their houses? For simplicity, of course. But if the extreme of this characteristic is desired, just take a gander at the architects themselves. They're plenty simple.

Awhile ago we mentioned flat roofs. A flat roof is the badge of a truly modern house. Slant roofs show only semi-modernity. People who live under flat roofs will have nothing to do with slant roofers. They would lose face.

We say flat roofs, but architects tell us that so-called flat roofs aren't flat at all; they're always slightly tilted to let the water run off. If the roofs were flat, the technicians say, the water would stay on the roof and rot it. That's something we've never been able to figure out. How in the world would water stay on a flat roof. We know it wouldn't pile up at the edges; that's against Nature's laws. Frankly, we think those boys with the adding machines for heads are all wet.

The *pièce de résistance* of the T-square boys is the bathroom; they've managed to disguise everything (or almost everything) until you can hardly find your way around. The tub is no longer a white, porcelain rectangle. Now it is usually square; comes in everything from ebony to plexi-glass, and is usually so big that you need to be a good swimmer to turn on the water. Friend of ours was taking a bath the other day and lost his bearings . . . they're still searching. The sinks have an addition, too. They've got three instead of two water adjustments: hot, cold, and running.

The kitchen of modern abode is also a wonder of science. It's chock-full of stream-lined gadgets; no more square corners, everything is smooth and slick; the icebox even makes round ice-cubes. Some of the more expensive houses come equipped with the last word in

HUMOR AWARDS

luxury. A gadget that does everything—washes, cooks, launders. All the little woman has to do is come home from a day of bridge, throw in the dirty clothes and the raw materials for her dinner and sit back. They aren't fool-proof though. We heard of one woman who had her steaks thoroughly laundered and sat down to broiled undershirt.

We have heard that the modern house is found predominantly in California. All we can say is we're glad we live in good old Oklahoma.

FIRST AWARD HUMOR

Beverly Beman, 17

Ottumwa High School
Ottumwa, Iowa
Teacher, Miss Esther Jamison

C'EST UNE MODE D'HOMMES

Methinks this world was made for men.
A woman cannot win!
She's made to feel inferior
To anything masculine.

When yet a child, a girl's "No, no!"-ed
For damaging her toys,
But if her brother breaks *his* up,
It's "Boys just *will* be boys!"

A lass is spanked who makes mud pies
And dirties up her dress.
But it's quite all right for little lads
To be a mess, I guess.

In school, the girl who makes top grades
Has nowhere near the fame
Of the moron male of basketball
Who fouls out every game!

When at a dance, a girl must grin
And bear her aching toes,
And be the first to gasp "My fault!"
As *his* feet strike the blows.

And let a man but show his friends
The wedding ring he's bought,
And listen to the murmur rise
"At last she's got him caught!"

And who but Mom does Junior keep
Forever on the run.
But hear the father tell his friends
"You ought to see my son!"

Yet still the woman has endured.
Indeed, she's here to stay.
Methinks the man's the reason why
A woman's hair gets gray!

FOURTH AWARD HUMOR

Adele Huebner, 17

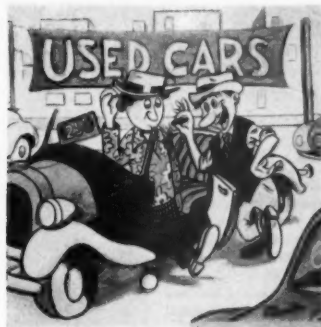
Grosse Pointe High School
Grosse Pointe, Mich.
Teacher, Miss Helen Mutton
Won regional award
sponsored by The Detroit News

IT'S A SECRET

Don't tell anybody I told you—especially not one of THEM. This is something we girls should keep strictly under our hair ribbons. If the word ever got out, THEY'd never give us peace. It's only for our own protection that we must guard this piece of information. You must never let it fall into THEIR hands!

But, as I was saying, I have my information from A Reliable Source (of course, I am not at liberty to disclose who, but I have it from the Strictest Authority) that—come closer—that nine out of ten specialists in the Field of Research have proved conclusively that—closer!—that it is we women and not—closer!—not the MEN who make the proposals!

Do you see our need for secrecy now? Why, think what this world would be like if they knew! Novelists and radio and movie script writers would all have to reverse their plots. Helen Trent would be running after Mr. D. A.; Corinne Calvet would be making mad love to Sidney Greenstreet; and Urphington Van Lump would have to fight off Mary Worth.



"Yessir! Only car on the lot with the step-down design!" Hon. Men. Gr. II, Gag Cartoon, \$10, by Norman Zammit, Rosemead (Calif.) H. S. First shown at Bullock's, Los Angeles, California.

Women all over the world would give up their seats on the bus to men, tip their hats to them, and help them on with their heavy overcoats.

Every dance would be a hag dance for us. For formal parties we would have to buy the boys boutonnieres. And think of all the free movies we would miss! And all the soda dates we would have to pay for! Not to mention the double load of heavy books we'd have to lug home every afternoon for our "catch."

If the boys knew The Fact, they wouldn't take a couple of hours to explain a simple geometry problem, or brag to us about their 40-yard dash in football, or ask us to the parties we've spent weeks planning.

And so I urge everyone of you to secrecy. Through the cunning which has distinguished our sex for centuries, we shall be able to keep the men of today in ignorant bliss. It is only fair to let them enjoy the security their forefathers enjoyed.

Do you see our need for hiding The Fact? Should THEY ever become aware of our true situation, the world would never be the same again!

FOURTH AWARD HUMOR

Pat Dowd, 17

Allegheny High School
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Teacher, Mr. C. Worley
Won regional award
sponsored by The Pittsburgh Press.

TRUE LOVE

My own true love is strong and bold,
He's physically just perfection,
Oh, joyous day he looked my way,
Would that I'd gone in the other direction.

WORDS TO LIVE BY

A word to the wise is sufficient—
To make them resent it.
And the fool who speaks before he thinks
May not repent it.
Carrots make you beautiful
I heard say
And so I'm very dutiful
Eat 'em every day.

L' Envoi

I'm not beautiful
But dutiful
And what's it go to prove?
These old adages and maxims
Aren't always in the groove.



Hon. Men., Gr. II, Gag Cartoon, \$10, by Birgir Andersen, Greenwich (Conn.) H. S. First shown Hartford Courant.

FOURTH AWARD HUMOR

Judy Fisher, 16

Evanston Township High School
Evanston, Ill.
Teacher, Mr. Clarence W. Hach

JUDY SENDS A VALENTINE TO

Driving Teacher . . .

I really should send this to you,
Showing just how much I care,
Asking forgiveness for what I did,
I forgot the gate was there.

English Teacher . . .

To you I'll send a valentine,
But here stop for a pause,
Forgetting what the next will be,
A sentence or a clause.

Cafeteria Staff . . .

To you a very special one,
Instead, its shape is round,
To show you just how much we eat,
As we're gaining pound by pound.

Algebra Teacher . . .

You know I can't forget you,
And I send this with a sigh,
I really try remembering,
What equals x plus y.

Home-Room Director . . .

I'm sending the biggest one to you,
I'm trying to play it straight,
And hoping you won't forget it,
When I come a little late.

Chemistry Teacher . . .

What would I do without you?
It's to you I always turn,
For who else could possibly help me,
When that acid starts to burn?



Water Color, Gr. II, by Jean Aldridge,
E. E. Bass H. S., Greenville, Miss.
First shown at Kennington Co., Jackson.

The Crab

All men must have ambitions: to be rich; respected; have power

Antonio was different. He lived near the town of Amigo. He had nothing and he wanted nothing. The clothes he wore suited him fine; after all, he'd worn them for six years. In summer he went barefoot; in the winter he brought out his worn boots. He ate fairly regularly and lived in a small boxcar by the railroad. His job required no effort at all; what he had to do was to inspect the bridge spanning the Rio de Azul once a day. For this the railroad company gave him three pesos a week and the magnificent privilege of living in the boxcar free of charge.

The Crab was barely aware of its existence. It ate whenever it had the chance; it slept whenever it wanted to; it didn't have ambitions, nor did it want any; it was alive, that was all.

Antonio found the Crab on his daily trip to the bridge, and out of curiosity he took his hat off, put the Crab under it, and went on with his job.

FOURTH AWARD SHORT SHORT STORY

By William G. Crary, 17

La Jolla Junior-Senior High School
La Jolla, California

Teacher, Mr. O. F. Clark

After satisfying himself that all was well, he went back, picked up his hat, grabbed the Crab by a hind leg and retreated to the boxcar. He viewed the Crab with curiosity; the Crab looked at Antonio with dull eyes. He set it on the floor and watched it. It moved off with a slow, scuttling motion.

Antonio tied one end of a piece of string to a stake and tied the other end to one of the Crab's hind legs. The Crab took a half dozen steps and was brought up short by the string. It hesitated and then began to jerk at the string. There was no understanding in the Crab's eyes.

"So, amigo, you do not appreciate my piece of string?" Antonio smiled and then frowned. After all, was he not like the Crab, always pulling on life's string but never going anyplace? He sighed and shook his head. The Crab kept pulling on the string, relentlessly, never giving up. Antonio thought about it, shook his head again, and gave the Crab a piece of meat. The Crab ate the meat, gave a few more tentative pulls on the string and went to sleep. Antonio smiled and followed suit.

In the days that followed, Antonio grew to like the Crab. It was so like himself; eating, sleeping, fruitlessly pulling on the string.

Watching it one day, Antonio suddenly felt ashamed. Was he not better than the Crab? "Yes! *Madre de Dios*, I am better than the Crab. Si, I will show you Señor Crab." The sound of the daily mail train came to his ears and seemed to rouse him. Though it was summer, he put on his worn boots, dusted his clothes off, and started toward town.

He returned a different man. He had taken his carefully hoarded money and bought a new suit; then he'd gotten a job, a good job. He'd come home to get his belongings. Now he was a man, one with a purpose in life.

He walked into the boxcar, and the Crab was gone. Gone! He looked all over the boxcar, but no Crab. He ran up the hill. Where could it have gone?

Then he saw it, lying spraddled on the tracks, looking at him with those dull eyes. Antonio stepped toward it. It scuttled down the tracks. He followed it slowly, not wishing to frighten it. He never heard the train.

1ST AWARD SHORT SHORT STORY

Ursula Greissmer was born in Karlsruhe, Germany, and lived in Munich until 1947, when she moved to Geneva, Switzerland, and traveled in France and England. She came to the United States in 1948, where her family settled in New York City. She is now a senior at Washington Irving High School. After she is graduated she hopes to enter New York University and major in journalism. Her chief interest, however, lies in the writing of short stories and she hopes that some day she will have a career on a literary magazine.



2ND AWARD SHORT SHORT STORY

Mary Mayes is a senior at Hickman H. S., Columbia, Mo. Boys and clothes hold first place on her list of interests, but sports, clubs, and all school activities are also important. Last year she worked on the school paper and this year is on the staff of the yearbook. She belongs to Quill and Scroll and plans to enter the U. of Missouri next fall, where she will major in journalism. Her greatest ambition is to write stories about Missouri and the rest of the Middle West and live on a farm close to a Missouri town.



3RD AWARD SHORT SHORT STORY

Janice Willey has lived most of her 17 years in a small suburb of Chicago, Western Springs, Ill. At Lyons Township High School, where she is a senior, she has helped write original scripts for school programs and has also written poetry. She has worked on the school paper and after she is graduated plans to take a journalism major at the University of Colorado. After college she would like to enter the field of advertising. Her hobbies include art, Dixieland jazz, and practically any kind of sport—especially swimming.



Demi-Paradise

WHEN I rang the bell I was afraid. I was always afraid of the questions she asked and of the answers I could not give.

She sat by the window in the large living room, but she did not turn around when I entered.

"I can feel the sun," she said. "It is a beautiful day."

"Yes, the leaves are turning red. It is very beautiful outside."

"Father left the car here; we could drive out of town. You enjoy driving, don't you?" Her voice sounded apologetic, as if she were asking a favor.

I got the convertible out of the garage and for a while we didn't talk. I took her up to Connecticut, even though it could not possibly make any difference to her.

"Do you want the top down?" I asked.

"Yes, please."

"I can feel the breeze now," she said happily. "Tell me, can you see the breeze?"

"No," I said, "nobody can see it. You can feel it and sometimes smell it, but never see it."

"You mean it is dark?"

"No, Theresa, it has no color at all, like air."

"White is an absence of color," she recited, "but you can see white."

How could I explain the color of a breeze, how could I explain color at all?

We stopped near a pond. Around it were trees, the leaves already turning red and yellow. We sat down on the cool grass. I took Theresa's hand and dipped it into the quiet water.

"A lake?" she asked.

"Just a pond, very quiet and very beautiful," I explained. Her hand was still in the water. A leaf caught between her fingers. She brought it out slowly and held it. She felt its outlines and the rough surface. Then she held it towards me.

"What is it like?" she asked.

"Red, and yellow around the edges,

and it is all soaked with water and sunshine."

"I am going to keep it."

"Heavens," I laughed, "if you kept all the pretty leaves around here you would have to have a barn."

"Well, I know what this one feels like, and I like it. I'll keep it." Sometimes Theresa could be stubborn.

"Tell me," she said, "what is it like, red, I mean, or yellow?"

I could not think of anything to say.

"Oh, I know," she went on hastily, "you don't like my asking it, but I would like to know."

"Let's get back to the car," I said, hoping I'd be able to think of something. We drove for a while, and I turned on the radio. WNYC was playing Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. I was going to turn it off, when I remembered

how fond Theresa was of it. We listened silently, then I had an idea.

"Listen," I said, "imagine I were deaf, how would you explain this to me, a sound, music, a symphony?"

"I don't know," Theresa said.

"Well, it's the same thing with color; it is just as beautiful and sometimes just as ugly as sound, and you have to see it to realize it."

"No, you are lying!" Theresa said violently. "Beethoven wrote this and he could not hear it; he felt it. I'd like so much to feel color."

"Theresa," I said desperately, "when ever I am with you, I feel ashamed of being able to see."

The wind blew harder now; it brought with it a fertile smell of grass and earth. Theresa looked as if she had discovered something very lovely.

"You remember," she explained, "this morning you said that sometimes you can smell the breeze. I didn't believe it then, but now I can really smell it. I think I can even feel what it looks like."

THIRD AWARD, \$15, Col. Pencil, Gr. H, by Sheila England, Vermillion (S. Dak.) H. S. (The Eagle Pencil Co., sponsor)



FIRST AWARD SHORT SHORT STORY

By Ursula Griessemer, 18

Washington Irving High School
New York, New York
Teacher, Miss Ethel A. Stiles



Place in Show, Gr. II K, Scholastic-Ansco Photography Awards, by Mary Pfrimmer, Tucson (Ariz.) Senior H. S.
First shown at Valley Nat'l Bank and Phoenix College.

I Wanted

FIRST AWARD AUTOBIOGRAPHY

By Jean Elizabeth Jennings, 17

Phoenix Union Hill School, Phoenix, Arizona

Teacher, Doris DeLap

AS I look back it wasn't by the usual process of elimination—doctor, no; lawyer, no; actress, no; pilot, yes—that I decided I wanted to fly. I had never thought of it before, not even when I'd taken my first flight in a plane. One day the idea just came to me as if I'd always known it. I wanted to fly. I wanted to become a pilot more than anything else in the world.

I was twelve then, and I immediately began to take flying lessons. My father had a drugstore, and he used to pay me for helping behind the fountain, so I paid for my lessons with my own money. I knew that under the C.A.A. rules, I would have to wait until I was sixteen before I could solo, but that didn't matter. All the experience I could acquire would be valuable.

My instruction began with a small monoplane, an Interstate, which is similar to a Piper Cub. Then I advanced to a Cub, an open cockpit Fairchild, a Stearman biplane, an Army basic trainer, and then to the familiar T-6 advanced trainer. The last two are a decided advancement in size and horsepower. I have some time in an eight-passenger twin-engine Beechcraft and am lucky enough to have flown in an F-51 Air Force fighter plane, a helicopter, and a TF-80C jet plane. All this before I reached my seventeenth birthday!

As one of the Civil Air Patrol cadets of the Phoenix, Arizona, squadron, I accompanied twenty-seven other cadets from all over the state to an encampment at Williams Air Force Base, in the summer of 1949. We were thrilled to spend two weeks at the only Jet Fighter School in the nation, where we lived the life of an aviation cadet.

Getting up at 5:30 every morning, having meals in the neat dining room where the future jet pilots ate, attending the same classes they did with regular Air Force instructors, going out on the flight line to watch the student pilots take off and land those 500-mile-an-hour jets—these were important parts of the wonderful experience.

At first we were told that one girl and one boy would be chosen, through competitive exams and general attitude, to fly jets. But toward the end of the

course, it was announced that we were all to be given flights in the jets and that something else would be arranged for the chosen cadets. We also learned that the records showed that the seven girls in our group were the first women ever to have flown in that spectacular plane, capable of reaching speeds close to that of sound!

The chosen boy and girl were given trips to London, England, and Washington, D. C., respectively. I was happy to earn the trip to Washington.

But about that jet flight. It was a hot morning in June when we walked down the flight line to the operations building, where we were assigned pilots and issued parachutes and helmets. There was an excited chatter from the cadets, each one wondering what it was going to be like. Some had never flown before, so this would be an exciting introduction. I looked over the roster of pilots and saw that I knew one of them. He and his family were friends of ours, so naturally I requested to be assigned as his student.

We were the third in line to fly. I climbed up the little ladder that was fastened to the side of the plane, and sat down in the rear cockpit. After the methodical adjusting of chutes, fastening of safety belts, and checking of instruments, the captain turned to me and, just as a precautionary measure, explained what to do in case of an emergency. Then he started the 2,000-pound thrust-jet engine, and it caught with a loud *whoomph*. The pungent smell of kerosene filled the air and the sound, like that of an enormous blowtorch, was deafening. We taxied down the strip and received instructions from the control tower.

After a comparatively short take-off, we gained altitude rapidly to approximately 12,000 feet. We flew level for a while, which gave me time to look around. We were perched on a high vantage point looking down on the Valley of the Sun. There were a few, soft cotton balls of clouds so close above us that it seemed as if I could reach up and catch one in my hand. It was so quiet, so peaceful up here! There was just a soft whooshing sound, like that of a faraway train in a tunnel. There was a wonderful sense of freedom, as if we could remain here forever or point the nose beyond the atmosphere to the outmost bounds of space. The visibility within the bubble canopy was magnificent. It was like looking down on the whole world.

A click over the inter-com system roused me from my reverie and I heard the pilot say, "We've used up enough fuel now, so we'll be able to do some aerobatics. Are you ready?"

I answered affirmatively and pulled in my safety belt another notch.

We started a shallow dive which gradually steepened. I felt the increase of power and watched the altimeter unwind. We were losing altitude at the rate of five thousand feet per minute! We pulled up suddenly and seemed to shoot straight up into the vivid blue vastness. Earth, sky and clouds changed places and we were on our back and going down. As we started to pull out, I felt the force of gravity take hold and try to keep me going down while the plane was pulling up. I glanced at the accelerometer. It was pointing to a little past four "G's." At that moment, the plane and the two people in it were almost five times their own weight! I couldn't lift my hands from my lap and my head felt as if it were going to snap back. There was a slight grayishness before my eyes, but it cleared immediately when we leveled off. During that dive we had reached a maximum speed of 530 miles an hour!

We started another shallow dive, pulled up and did three of the most beautiful slow rolls to the right that I have ever seen. They were done so effortlessly, without any strain on the plane or pilot. We just went over and over and over in the most lazy fashion, while the clouds and earth slid around us.

After a few more breath-taking maneuvers, the pilot told me to take over a let-down of five thousand feet. I did a few banks and turns first, then started to spiral down. When the captain took over, I sat back and relaxed. A wonderful feeling of exhilaration came over me as we glided toward earth, and the words of another pilot, John Gillespie Magee, drifted into my mind. It seemed that the words of his poem, "High Flight," were the epitome of what flying meant to me.

"Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth,
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings:
Sunward I've climbed and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds—and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of—wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,
I've chased the shouting wind along and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air.
Up, up the long delirious, burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace,
Where never lark, or even eagle, flew;
And, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.

Wings

"O H, Daddy, she's gorgeous." How well I remember sighing those words as I gazed in awe at the shiny sorrel two-year-old which was being led around the auction ring. Never had I seen such a superb animal. She had the long graceful body and the slim supple legs of a thoroughbred. The flowing, taffy-colored mane and tail of the filly were moving a little in the gentle breeze, and a murmur of admiration went through the crowd. My heart was gone to her, and I had never felt such a tingling sensation in my life. I could tell that Dad liked her too, because he wasn't saying anything. He was just looking. My spirits soared, but when I looked around and saw the eager faces of other would-be buyers, they sank a little.

Suddenly a sharp gust of wind sent a stray bit of paper flying across the arena. The horse went completely berserk. She gave an ear-piercing scream and reared so high that she would have fallen over backwards but for the guard rail. As suddenly as the commotion started, it ended abruptly. The mare stood backed into the far corner. Her eyes were still glazed with fear, and she was trembling. A nervous lather ran down her legs. Another ripple of excitement went through the crowd, but this time it wasn't admiration.

There were no bids at all for the terrified mare. Daddy told me that the mare was crazy. By some quirk of nature she would, when least expected, be seized by uncontrollable terror and then go completely berserk. I was heartbroken.

Finally, when it seemed that all hope was gone, Daddy turned and said, "Red, it's against my better judgment, and I will most likely regret it later,

TWINKLE

THIRD AWARD AUTOBIOGRAPHY

By Faith Warren, 18

Daniel Webster High School
Tulsa, Oklahoma

Teacher, Miss Dorothy Knappenberger

but I know that you won't be happy until you own this mare, so I'll bid. I just want you to keep in mind that she's dynamite, and you'll always have to be awfully careful whenever you're around her."

And that is how I came to own Twinkle.

Twinkle was the light of my life. Twinkle was completely green and unbroken, and I was as green, if not greener, because we had just moved from town to the ranch, and I had never been around horses. Because of my inexperience I had quite a time getting Twinkle to take the saddle without going crazy, and an even harder time showing her that I was her friend and meant no harm.

I'll never forget the first time I got upon Twinkle's back. I was scared nearly to death and so was she, but because she had finally come to love me and knew I wouldn't hurt her, she

only stood quivering while she turned her frightened eyes toward me for reassurance. From then on I made progress.

I loved her more than anything else in the world. Her welcoming nicker always thrilled me as nothing else could. It's true that she still had her moments when she turned fool. No matter how many times she would become hysterical and cause me to fall, I still didn't mind because I knew that she wasn't responsible. The strange thing is that as many times as I fell or was knocked off by low-hanging branches, I was never really hurt.

Weeks and months flew by, and we became inseparable. Mother and Dad finally gave in and decided that maybe she wasn't so bad after all.

Twinkle was almost three years old. I had owned her almost a year now, and at least she was just the horse I had always known she could be with a little training. I was proud of my accomplishment in proving to everyone that with a little love and understanding even the most dangerous horse could be made trustworthy and gentle.

In late July, 1947, a group of friends and I went for an all-day horseback ride and picnic. We had a marvelous time playing tag and ditch-em on the horses, and at last when it grew late we headed for home. We were on a lonely country road. Before long a race was on, and, as usual, Twinkle was ahead. Around a bend in the road we saw a big gravel truck making toward us. I slowed Twinkle to a walk, and the truck came on. What happened next is still hazy to me, but I know now that Twinkle was never really cured of her craziness, for she lost complete control and reared right into the front of the truck.

Twinkle was killed and part of me died along with her, because I have never since worshipped any animal as I did her. The horses I have owned since have been my friends, but Twinkle was more than just a friend, she was my chum—my pal.

Yes, Twinkle was crazy, and as some called her, a fool, but somehow I know that she didn't mean to be the way she was. If I had any doubts about it at all, they were completely wiped out when she died, for just before Twinkle closed her eyes and took her last shuddering breath, she nuzzled me, a low whimpering nicker died in her throat, and she looked me right in the eyes. Such a strange look—why it was—yes, almost human.



Transp. Water Color, Gr. II, by Barbara Borrowes, Manatee Ct. H. S., Bradenton, Fla. First showing at Maas Bros., Tampa.

One-Period Lesson Plan

Write About What You Know!

Aim

To show pupils that the first rule for acquiring confidence and ease in composition is to write from personal experience.

Motivation

Has something happened recently—to you or to someone you know—that you think would make a wonderful subject for an autobiographical sketch, an essay, or a short story?

Topics for Discussion

1. "New Snow" (p. 2)

What details of *setting* used by Janice Willey in this short story seem to you to have been inspired by actual observation and experience? Explain. Do these details help to establish mood? Give reasons for your answer. At what season of the year did the boy and girl of this story "discover" each other? Do you think that they had perhaps known each other casually before then? Explain. In your opinion, did the relationship between the two have characteristics of the familiar, so-called "summer romance"? Explain. Account for the girl's misery before the dance. Her feeling of renewed confidence at the dance. What apparently trivial incident preceded the break-up of the boy and girl? Comment on the girl's reaction: "Surely she [Sharon] had to have something to make him change so suddenly." What happened to the new romance between Sharon and the boy? Account for the girl's brief feeling of hope when she hears the news. What convinces her that everything is over between her and the boy? Is it true to life that she should be angry at herself for letting him see that she still cares? Is there something *universal* in the situation that Janice Willey presents? Explain.

2. "Puck's Song" (p. 3)

Mention several of the "beauty spots" of England described in Virginia Ridley's First-Award essay. What is the historical background of each of the places described? What *personal* touches of the author indicate beyond a doubt that her sensitive descriptions are drawn from experience and not booklore? Who was Merlin? In what connection are the English poets, Matthew Arnold, John Masefield and Robert Bridges mentioned in this essay? Do the names of any of these three men "ring a bell"? Explain. Is the author successful in suggesting the *continuity* between England's past and present? Give reasons

for your answer. In your opinion is America a land where the traveler would be as deeply conscious of tradition as he is in England? Explain. Who is Puck? What purpose is served by Virginia's allusion to Puck's song? Have any of you read "Puck's Song," by Rudyard Kipling?

3. "Twinkle" (p. 29)

Under what circumstances does Faith Warren first meet Twinkle? Describe the horse. What is the reaction of the onlookers when they first see Twinkle perform? What makes Twinkle "go berserk"? How do the spectators feel about her then? Is Faith discouraged by her father's conviction that the little filly will never make a manageable pet? How is the girl's faith justified? What happens to Twinkle? How does she prove to the author that she "didn't mean to be the way she was"? Was Faith deeply affected by Twinkle's death? Explain. This autobiographical sketch has a remarkable unity of effect—the sort of thing that you would expect to find in a good short story. How does Faith achieve it? Do you think that a writer gains something by looking back on an experience from the perspective of several years? Give reasons for your answer.

Activities

1. Have several pupils report orally on any other selections in this award-winning group from the viewpoint of how each selection makes use of an actual experience. (Suggestions: (a) "Puppy Love," p. 6; (b) "Curse," "The Hermit," "Desert Day," pp. 11-14; (c) "Magic," p. 15; (d) "I Wanted Wings," p. 31.)

2. Organize a round-table discussion on the value of personal experience in the composition—and criticism—of poetry. Have the students illustrate their points with definite examples.

3. Assign an autobiographical sketch or a poem, essay, or story based on a personal experience that the student has had at some time in his life.

ADDITIONAL ASSIGNMENTS

"Puck's Song" (p. 3)

Have a pupil who has lived or traveled extensively in some foreign country or another region of the U. S. write a descriptive essay about his (or her) experiences. The essay should deal with certain places steeped in history, folklore, or local color. It might be a good idea to use a unifying *motif*; i.e., a traditional song, anecdote, or poem about

the section of the U. S. or the foreign country described.

"Waiting for April" (p. 8)

When your pupils have read and discussed this first-award short story, have several pupils write original stories based on a sudden tragic occurrence that called for extreme changes and readjustments in the life of the leading character.

Poetry (pp. 11-14)

After class reading (if possible, aloud) of the poetry awards-winners, organize a panel discussion on the comparative merits of free and formal verse as illustrated in these poems. Be sure that the participants understand (a) the metrical and stanzaic forms used by awards-winners, (b) what each writer is really trying to do, not what the student himself feels the writer should be doing. Some attention should be paid to the value of verbal melody and imagery in creating mood.

"Magic" (p. 15)

Ask two or three students to take some provocative word (like *magic* in this essay) and present, also in essay form, the *personal* associations that this particular word holds for them. Examples: *gourmet, glamor, indigo, saccharine, prestige, materialist, adventure, integrity, mystic, squalor, responsibility*. The student may, of course, prefer to "develop" a word of his own choosing. Students might be interested to know that Janice Willey wrote her award-winning essay as a class assignment, during a class period.

Art (pp. 16-19)

Have several students who are talented in art do illustrations—water colors, pencil, or pen and ink sketches—for the best student writing that grows out of the activities suggested in this lesson plan. Display the results in a bound student-achievement album.

"Of Sand and Stars" (p. 20)

After your class has finished discussing this imaginative and expertly constructed radio play by a high-school student, suggest to several members of the group that they make a special study of the technique of writing the

LITERARY CAVALCADE, PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR, ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER AUGUST 31, 1942, AT POST OFFICE AT DAYTON, OHIO, UNDER ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879. CONTENTS COPYRIGHT, 1952, BY SCHOLASTIC CORPORATION. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: 30c A SEMESTER; 60c A SCHOOL YEAR. SINGLE COPIES, 25c. SPECIAL RATES IN COMBINATION WITH WEEKLY SCHOLASTIC MAGAZINES. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, McCALL ST., DAYTON 1, OHIO. GENERAL AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, LITERARY CAVALCADE 7 EAST 12th ST., NEW YORK 3, N. Y.

radio play. Refer them to other radio plays that have appeared in past issues of *Literary Cavalcade* (Lucille Fletcher, "Sorry, Wrong Number," October, 1948, p. 11; Arthur Miller, "The Pussycat and the Expert Plumber Who Was a Man," March, 1949, p. 18; Paul Cloquemin, "The Lighthouse Keepers," October, 1949, p. 18; Milton Geiger, "One Special for Doc," November, 1949, p. 19; Joseph Ruscoll, "The Test," January, 1950, p. 18; Norman Corwin and Lucille Fletcher, "My Client, Curley," April, 1950, p. 18.) The students will also find helpful suggestions in Olive McHugh's article, "So You Want to Write for Radio?" (*Literary Cavalcade*, March, 1949, p. 12). Finally, have these students write original radio plays with a fantasy or science-fiction theme.

Humor Winners (pp. 26-27)

Use these as follow-up activities to class reading and discussion of the awards-winning humor pieces:

(a) humorous essays on modern art, modern music, or modern poetry;

(b) a humorous poem by a *boy* student: "C'est un Monde de Femmes" ("It's a Woman's World");

(c) a set of comic verses (like Judy Fisher's "Judy Sends a Valentine to . . .") that are built around a holiday or a traditional celebration associated with some month or season of the year. (Examples: St. Patrick's Day, Mardi Gras, Sadie Hawkins Day.)

"The Crab" (p. 28)

Have three or four pupils write allegorical short stories that draw a comparison between some lower form of animal life and the "human condition."

"Demi-Paradise" (p. 30)

Following class reading and discussion of this award-winning short story, ask one student to write a story with a similar theme. For instance: A kind-hearted person with tact and insight tries to help a friend who has a physical disability to get his (or her) bearings in a changed world. Ask the student to try to draw on an experience with which he is familiar.

VOCABULARY EXERCISES

Distribute paper and ask your pupils to number from one to sixteen. Then ask them to assume that the *numbered* items below are comments made during a conversation between two people. The key word in each comment is italicized and appears in this issue of *Literary Cavalcade*. You may want to stress the key word as you read each item aloud. Following each numbered comment are three possible reactions to that comment.

Ask your pupils to write opposite the corresponding number on their papers the *letter* of the most intelligent reaction. Then have them exchange papers and check their answers. Allow the class about fifteen minutes to practice using the italicized words in original sentences.

(Note: Numbers in parentheses refer to the page and column in *Literary Cavalcade* where the italicized word appears. They are also your key to correct answers.)

- "In algebra class, he spends most of his time in a state of *oblivion*."
 - "He's so eager he makes the rest of the kids look sick."
 - "I get sleepy right after lunch, too." (p. 2-1)
 - "Some people get rattled easily."
- "Pearl's most striking feature is her long *tawny* hair."
 - "I knew she was a peroxide blonde."
 - "Aren't her eyes the same brilliant shade of black?"
 - "Then she's got the pelt, as well as the temper, of a tigress." (p. 2-1)
- "The *trusting* place is the summer house at the bottom of the garden."
 - "Isn't that a pretty silly place to bury money?"
 - "An ideal spot for lovers to meet!" (p. 6-1)
 - "Eventually, they're going to repair the old mansion, too."
- "When she told me about her operation, I *manifested* deep concern."
 - "You always were a poker face."
 - "It takes real diplomacy to show interest in other people's complaints." (p. 6-3)
 - "Too bad you had to be tongue-tied at a time like that."
- "The judge ruled that the D. A.'s remarks about the defendant's character were *irrelevant*."
 - "It's not the first time McCarthy's been held in contempt of court."
 - "That two-bit orator has a real gift for talking beside the point." (p. 7-1)
 - "Admitted them as material evidence, did he?"
- "Alice's conversation is completely free of *malice*."
 - "I've never heard her say an unkind word about anyone." p. (7-2)
 - "Her sister isn't very bright, either."
 - "Guess she was just born with no sense of humor."
- "La Rue has an international reputation as a *sorcerer*."
 - "Yes, his recipes have just been collected in a book."
 - "Last week I heard him play with the New York Philharmonic."
- "Magicians always fascinate me." (p. 15-1)
- "That word has a very puzzling *connotation*."
 - "I think I can explain its implied meaning." (p. 15-1)
 - "And you call yourself a student of word origins!"
 - "You mean it's often misspelled?"
- "Give me a good *synonym* for 'odious.'"
 - "Beautiful."
 - "Hateful." (p. 15-1)
 - "Lovable."
- "Lord Chesterfield certainly was a *columinous* correspondent."
 - "Well, you can't be talented in everything."
 - "He had a reputation for being very reserved."
 - "He must have spent a lot of his time writing letters." (p. 15-1)
- "I always marvel at Vera's *exuberance*."
 - "Just bubbles over, doesn't she?" (p. 15-2)
 - "She's been melancholy since the death of her husband."
 - "Brilliant women give me an inferiority complex."
- "What's the American equivalent for the Spanish *peso*?"
 - "Twenty cents."
 - "Five dollars."
 - "One dollar." (p. 28-1)
- "My *tentative* schedule calls for a stopover in Pittsburgh."
 - "When will you know definitely?" (p. 28-3)
 - "What made you change your mind at the last minute?"
 - "Well, I'm glad *that's* finally settled!"
- "On my tenth birthday, my father presented me with my first horse—a beautiful *sorrel* mare."
 - "Was that the one you named 'Black Beauty'?"
 - "Was that the one you named 'Red'?" (p. 32-1)
 - "Was that the one you named 'Snowdrop'?"
- "Then the *berserk* convict doubled back on his tracks and headed for the penitentiary."
 - "Must have had a pretty bad sense of direction."
 - "According to the prison psychiatrist, he's incurably insane." (p. 32-1)
 - "You mean somebody told him he'd just been paroled?"
- "I've just bought the most magnificent *filly*!"
 - "Ribbons are out of style this year."
 - "I thought you were on a fish diet."
 - "Planning to groom her for the Kentucky Derby?" (p. 32-1)



Randall Jarrell, Poetry Judge, is the author of several books of verse and a member of the Department of English, Woman's Coll., U. of N. C.



Louise Bogan (Poetry) is poet who is also well known as a critic.



Frank Ernest Hill (Poetry) has written poetry and biography.



Robert P. T. Coffin (Poetry) is author of 36 books poetry, prose.

Scholastic Writing Awards Judges

The authors and editors who picked the 1950 winners



Walter Prichard Olson, Essay Judge, has written essays, novels, dramatic criticism, plays. He is professor of playwriting at Yale Univ.



Bernardine Kieley (Short Short Story) is an editor of fiction.



Kenneth Littauer (Short Short Story) is editor, fiction editor, agent.



Maureen Daly (Short Short Story) is editor, writer, awards winner.



Harry Hansen (Essay) edits *The World Almanac*, reviews books.



Wanda Orton (Essay) is former teacher of English, now retired.



J. Frank Dobie (Essay) is member of faculty, University of Texas.



Jesse Stuart (Short Story) is poet, novelist, former teacher.



Gladys Schmitt (Short Story) is novelist, former Awards winner.



George Milburn (Short Story) is short story writer and novelist.



Erik Barnouw (Radio Drama) teaches radio, television, Columbia U.



Leon Levine (Radio Drama) directs discussion broadcasts, CBS.



Lucille Fletcher, Original Radio Drama Judge, has written radio and film scripts, including "Sorry, Wrong Number," one of most successful plays ever put on air.

Awards Sidelights

TRYING to get an over-all view of the Scholastic Awards is like squinting into a revolving kaleidoscope and hoping to find a landscape. Each Awards division is a full-fledged project in its own right. Yet each fits into the whole Scholastic Awards program.

Let's have a peek at some of the Awards divisions. Since this is *Literary Cavalcade*, we might start with the Writing Awards.

Frankly, the ones with the hardest jobs are the national judges. Their work is far tougher than ours. All we of the staff do is read the thousands of manuscripts that pour into the office from the sponsored and unsponsored areas (there was a total of 118,624 manuscripts submitted) and pick the best fifty or so in each classification. That's easy. Then the best twenty of these go to the national judges in each classification.

How the Judging Works

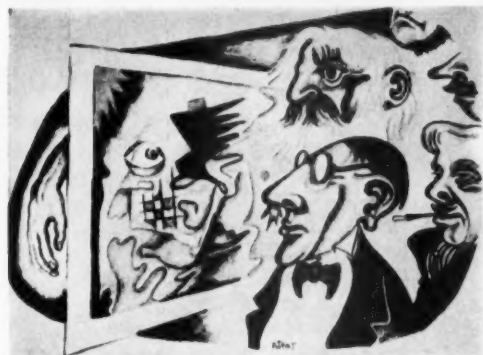
When the national judges receive the manuscripts they have been retyped with no clue to the identity or address of the entrant. Each has been assigned a number. The judges don't know who wrote what. Then they begin their job—and it's really a tough one. It isn't easy to pick the best of these top twenty and grade the remaining ones in descending order. They're all good!

Since the judges, like all the rest of us, are human, it isn't often that they all give first place to the same candidate. However, each place is assigned a numerical score and when all the ballots are in, a little arithmetic uncovers the lucky winners. Often a difference of one point divides the first and second awards winners.

Here's what George Milburn, one of the short story judges, told us: "These twenty finalists seem to me excellent even by professional standards, and each was a pleasure to read. Indeed, it was only by being arbitrary that I was able to rank some of them as I have on the judges' ballot."

The poetry judges had as difficult a time as the short story judges. Only two of the judges awarded first honors to Barbara Murray Holland. The other two were divided in their first place choices between Albert Hilger (who took a fourth award and the University of Pittsburgh Scholarship) and Laurence Jacobs (who took the second award in poetry and a commendation in short story).

Among the essay judges, the factor of individual taste was just as hard at work, although three of the four judges put "Puck's Song," by Virginia Ridley, in first place. The fourth judge delivered the coveted top honor to George Doty for "Puppy Love."



Colored Pencil, Gr. II, by Ronald Kite, Troy (N. Y.) H. S. In Show. The judges liked Ronald's satire, felt he was poking fun, but enjoyed it.

The judges of original radio drama also had their enthusiasms. When Leon Levine, director of discussion programs of the Columbia Broadcasting System, read "Of Sand and Stars" he was compelled to share the excitement of discovery. He showed the script to a CBS dramatic director who liked it so much there is a chance it may be adapted for television.

Now on to the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh and the Art Awards. You'll find that all the literary winners are illustrated with work submitted by Art Awards entrants. We wanted to make this an ALL AWARDS issue. So we went through the art entries (the total of art and photography entries came to 112,520) and selected those art pieces that we felt most aptly illustrated the literary materials.

"IN" and "OUT" with the Art Judges

There's much we could tell you about the Art Awards judges, too. As usual, the distinguished artists who served as judges were astonished at the excellence of the entries. And like the writing judges they, too, had their enthusiasms. Al Dorne, one of the nation's top illustrators, who served on the pictorial arts jury, took one look at a black ink drawing by George Fick of Cass Tech in Detroit and offered to buy it. He read the entry blank and found it was not for sale. Dorne then offered to do a drawing of his own and trade drawings with George.

At present market rates, an Al Dorne drawing has a taking price of about a thousand dollars—though neither art nor honors can be measured in terms of money.

The art judges looked at pictures and pictures and pictures and pictures . . . until they sometimes had to look at the floor to rest their eyes. It was rugged work, but it had its lighter moments, especially when the irrepressible Al Dorne was unable to suppress his enthusiasms.

Cy Hungerford, the famous cartoonist of the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*, was handed his judge's paddle. These paddles have the word "IN" on one side and "OUT" on the other. When an entry is held up the judges use the paddles to signify their vote. Well, when Cy Hungerford received his paddle he said, "This is something I've wanted to hold in my hand for a long time." And he conked Al Dorne on the head when Dorne disagreed on a gag cartoon.

